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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1955.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

New Buildings

THE draft of the new Building Regulations requires time for full assimilation, but first impressions are not unfavourable.

Modern architecture as well as constructional techniques demanded a whole-sale revision of the building regulations which served the Colony reasonably well for many years, and this treatment has certainly been applied.

Many people have observed with some regret the passing of the verandah designed city buildings. They were felt to serve a useful purpose as protection against the hot rays of the sun as well as wind-driven rain. Nevertheless it is true that the supporting pillars act as obstructions and none will feel affronted because this style of construction on streets is prohibited under the new regulations.

Presumably architects will welcome the new provisions concerning heights of buildings in that they promise less rigidity in design. They also allow for a greater volume of building at a higher level, helping therefore to meet the constant general demand for more accommodation.

TO tenants of new domestic buildings, one of the most appealing conditions laid down is that referring to air space. Air and ventilation are all important, particularly in the rapidly developing built-up residential areas. The check by jowl construction of residential flats is proceeding at what can almost be regarded as an alarming pace, one result being to place air and ventilation for some of the lower floor residences at a premium.

Less attractive a proposition is lower ceiling heights. It is acknowledged that in these days what is known as the "real old Hongkong style of building" is no longer feasible. On the other hand the proposed new minimum of nine feet for flat ceilings seems to be going to the other extreme.

The assurance is given that the new minimum ceiling heights will not affect the health of occupants, yet we imagine they could and probably would have a rather depressing effect. And it must be expected that in the majority of new buildings the official minimum will become the property owners' maximum. Further consideration might be given to this provision.

Talk Implies Rejection Of Force Says Senator

Washington, Oct. 21. Sen. Walter G. George took the position today that Red China's willingness to talk over mutual problems at Geneva amounts to a promise to "not to use force" in the Far East.

The Georgia Democrat was asked his views on a Peking radio broadcast which again vowed Red China's determination "to liberate" Formosa, by force, if necessary.

Sen. George, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was shown a headline which read: "Peking Turns Down Dulles On Renouncing Use Of Force."

At first, he said he did not know about the Peking threat and did not wish to comment, but later remarked:

"I thought that willingness to talk was an implied promise not to use force."

Sen. George has frequently called for a higher level talks between the United States and Red China.

He has specified, however, that the Reds should be willing to renounce the use of force before higher level talks are held.—United Press.

Three Seamen Rescued

Tokyo, Oct. 21. A Nationalist Chinese ship rescued three Japanese seamen from a storm-tossed sea while their small vessel was sinking, a radio message reported today.

The Chinese ship Foo-yo, sailing to Keelung, Formosa, sighted the rapidly-sinking Japanese vessel last night just off southern Japanese shores with five men clinging to it.

Chinese seamen pulled three of them from the sea but could not reach the other two before the storm-wrecked vessel sank, according to the ship's radio message.

The Japanese vessel was damaged by tropical storm Opal, which swept across Japan yesterday.—United Press.

ISTIQLAL'S BOMBSHELL

**Reject Moroccan Throne Council
ILLEGAL DECLARE NATIONALISTS**

Rabat, Oct. 21. The Moroccan Nationalist Istiqlal Party, supporters of ex-Sultan Ben Youssef, today rejected the new-constituted Throne Council on the grounds that it had no legal authority.

The four-member Throne Council was set up earlier this month to form a new government and bring about constitutional reforms in Morocco.

The Istiqlal Executive Committee issued a communique tonight stating that while not opposed to the setting up of a Throne Council as such, they considered that the present body was not legally constituted.

The communique complained that the Council was called into being by a mere declaration by the 107-year-old, Grand Vizier, El Mokri, who in quoting ex-Sultan Ben Arafat (successor to Ben Youssef) in his terms of reference was therefore prolonging the existence of an illegal regime in the country.

Ineffective System

The communique went on to say that the Istiqlal "could not support a system which has already shown itself incapable of dispelling doubts and creating a peaceful climate indispensable for the success of all future undertakings."

The Istiqlal declaration went on to say that it viewed the Throne Council as a "provisional" but "necessary" institution pending a final decision on the problem of the Throne.

It called for the opening of further Franco-Moroccan talks to which it pledged "its loyalty and sincerity."

It concluded with an appeal to liberal opinion in France that "past errors should be repaired without delay" so that confidence could be restored and a new era of liberty and prosperity for all be established.—France-Press.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 3: The astonishing story of Grandma Moses, by John Marshall Giles.
P. 6: "Binkie" Beaumont's Show Blues, by John Barber.

P. 7: Sea of Hate, by Sefton Delmer. Guests today do not pull their weight, says Lady Fakenham.

P. 8: Along Hell Road, by Richard Faps. Fame is his business, by Dean Jennings.

P. 13: The mind factory of Mao Tse-tung, by Lily Abegg.
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

Circus Owner Charged With Homicide

Rome, Oct. 21. An Italian circus owner was charged with culpable homicide today in the death of a pretty French trapeze artist who plunged from her lofty swing before a Rome audience of 2,500 persons.

The police authorities accused the owner, Aristide Togni, of negligence in failing to supply a safety net for Jacqueline Redat, 29-year-old aerial artist.

Jacqueline, who appeared in the American film "The Greatest Show on Earth," slipped from a trapeze, from which she had been hanging by her heels, last September 17.

She fell 30 feet, crashing to the ground floor before a horrified first night audience that included movie stars and prominent Italians.

The police charged that the circus owner violated two articles of an Italian law which set for circus operators in governing safety precautions at public spectacles.—United Press.

110,000 New Identity Cards Issued In Colony

The Commissioner of Registration, Mr. R. A. Bates, announced this morning that the work of his mobile registration and photographic team has been completed.

More than 110,000 new identity cards, including 10,000 for the New Territories, have been issued by the mobile team since it first began operations in February of this year. In addition over 12,000 cards reported lost have been replaced.

With the aim of ensuring that all persons of registrable age, that is, twelve years of age or over by English reckoning, possess identity cards which they can produce when required, the mobile team paid visits, sometimes on two or three occasions, to all the urban areas and to the principal towns, villages and islands in the New Territories.

ALMOST UP-TO-DATE

The Commissioner states that the general public is taking a more responsible interest in registration due to the over-increasing uses to which identification is being put, one of the most recent examples being the Urban Council Electoral Register.

He considers that well 95 per cent of the local population who are twelve years old or over now possess identity cards. However, it is apparent that some people have not yet taken advantage of the facilities offered by his mobile team during the past eight months.

The Commissioner points out that all persons not specially exempted under the Registration of Persons Ordinance who have attained the age of twelve by English reckoning, regardless of nationality or occupation, whether employed or unemployed and with or without permanent residential addresses, are required to register for identity cards within seven days of their arrival in the Colony or years. Bond-fide travellers in possession of valid travel documents are among those persons exempted.

FINAL APPEAL

The Commissioner again appeals to all unregistered residents to obtain identity cards by visiting his North Point Offices before the end of this month. He adds that if this final appeal is unsuccessful, it may be necessary to announce a time limit beyond which any unregistered person may be liable to prosecution. The Commissioner adds that he may also be obliged to take stronger action to ensure that relatives of deceased persons return invalid identity cards for cancellation, a requirement that has not been sufficiently observed in the past.

Dulles Departs

Washington, Oct. 21. The United States Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, left Washington by air today for talks in Rome and in Paris and for the Big Four foreign ministers' conference in Geneva next Thursday.—Reuters.

PRINCESS AND TOWNSEND AGAIN DINE TOGETHER

London, Oct. 21. Group Captain Townsend and Princess Margaret met here again tonight, after trying to elude pursuers.

They went separately to London's Chelsea district, to dine with Mr and Mrs Michael Brand, members of Margaret's intimate circle of friends. Varying the custom of previous meetings at the home of friends, the Princess tonight slipped out of Clarence House in her Rolls Royce, dodged following cars, and arrived first.

Group Captain Townsend did not get there until 20 minutes later.

Earlier Townsend had spent the rainy London day indoors in his temporary home in Lowndes Square as opinion swung strongly to the belief that he and the Princess are hesitating about marriage.

He was visited by a friend, Lord Roderick Pratt, and by his tailor, who fitted him for a new suit. Otherwise the 41-year-old divorced air attaché seemed uncertain about his plans for the first time since he arrived last week on leave from Brussels.

MAKES NO MOVE

First he sent out a message to the reporters and photographers camped outside his temporary home in Lowndes Square that he expected to go out about 2.30 p.m.

Usually he leaves on the promised stroke of the hour. But today the time came and went and Townsend did not emerge.

Then he let it be known he would leave between four and 4.30 p.m. but the clock ticked on long past this scheduled time and the Group Captain still stayed home.

While he waited he sat at a window writing and poring over papers.—Reuters.

EDITOR: BERATED

London, Oct. 21. Princess Margaret's reported romance with Group Captain Peter Townsend today fired off a battle between Lord Beaverbrook's Evening Standard and Malcolm Muggeridge, Editor of the weekly humorous magazine Punch.

The evening newspaper berated Mr Muggeridge for being "offensive" to the Royal family in an article he wrote today in the weekly left-wing periodical New Statesman and Nation.

Under the heading "Royal Soap Opera," Mr Muggeridge wrote: "The simple fact is that the United States presidency today is a far more dignified institution than the British monarchy."

He said he suspected that members of the Royal family "develop a taste for the publicity which, in theory, they find so repugnant."

Saying he believed it true that Princess Margaret and Group Captain Peter Townsend "just loved" what they read about themselves in the Sunday

newspapers, Mr Muggeridge commented: "This sort of thing is expected of Rita Hayworth, but the application of film star techniques to representatives of a monarchical institution is liable to have, in the long run, disastrous consequences."

"OFFENSIVE"

The Evening Standard declared that Mr Muggeridge had "outstripped all his previous attempts" in being offensive.

"The fact that Princess Margaret is faced with an appalling difficult decision in which she must weigh the conflict between her personal right to marry whom she pleases, with the views of church leaders on divorce does not deter Mr Muggeridge for a moment," the newspaper's editorial said.

It added: "The Queen and indeed all the members of the Royal family are now carrying on the Royal tradition with unflinching dignity and success in circumstances that have rarely been more difficult."

"Mr Muggeridge may sneer as much as he likes but the position of the throne has never been less open to challenge."

Malcolm Muggeridge, 52, was assistant editor of the Conservative newspaper Daily Telegraph till two years ago when he took over Punch replacing its rather archaic humour with modern satire. He has also made a reputation as a television personality.—China Mail Special.

Market Place Outrage

Casablanca, Oct. 21. Terrorists today threw a grenade at four French police vans in a crowded market place in the centre of the Arab quarter of Casablanca, killing one man and injuring eight others.

Four French policemen were hurt by the explosion. Other policemen leapt out of the van and opened fire on the attackers with Tommy guns as dozens of panic-stricken Arab shoppers ran screaming from the scene.

They killed a 65-year-old beggar and four other Moroccans were injured. It was not known if the terrorists were hit.—Reuters.

Lancashire Workers Agree To A Three-Shift Day

Manchester, Oct. 21. For the first time in the history of the British cotton industry, workers have agreed to the principle of the three-shift working day.

Leaders of about 100,000 men and women in the weaving section of the industry—the General Council of the Weavers Amalgamation—voted in favour of permitting a night shift "subject to certain terms and conditions."

Mr Lewis Wright, General Secretary of the Weavers Amalgamation, said here today that the terms and conditions to be put forward would be such that "only the most up-to-date and efficient firms will be able to meet them."

Any agreement with employers, he said, would probably be confined to those mills working automatic looms, and of the 250,000 looms in Lancashire only one-eighth were automatic.

Women, who form a large proportion of workers in the weaving industry, are precluded by law from night working, so that if agreement is reached only a small percentage of workers will be involved.

"If the agreement means the introduction of more and more automatic looms, then so much the better for Lancashire," Mr Wright said.—Reuters.

France Withdrawing 15,000 Troops

Paris, Oct. 21. Premier Edgar Faure announced tonight that France is pulling 15,000 men out of Indo-China.

He said that a National Defence Committee would decide next week what to do with the remaining 20,000 troops of the 35,000-man French expeditionary corps still there.—United Press.

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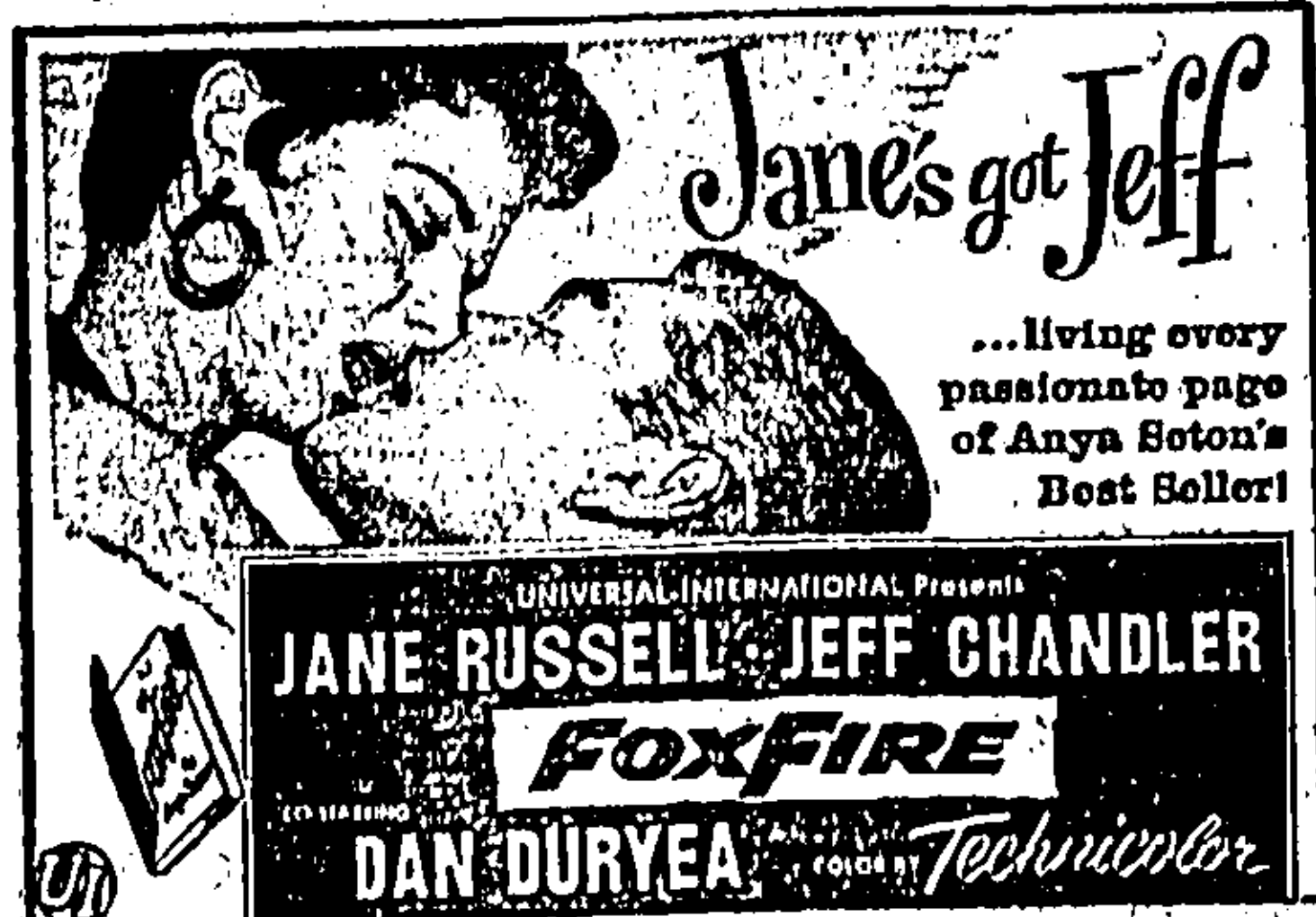
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KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S At 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m.

Paramount presents
"POPEYE, THE SAILOR"
Variety Programme of
Technicolor Cartoons

Admission: \$1.50, \$1.00

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW
Extra Show at 12.20 p.m.

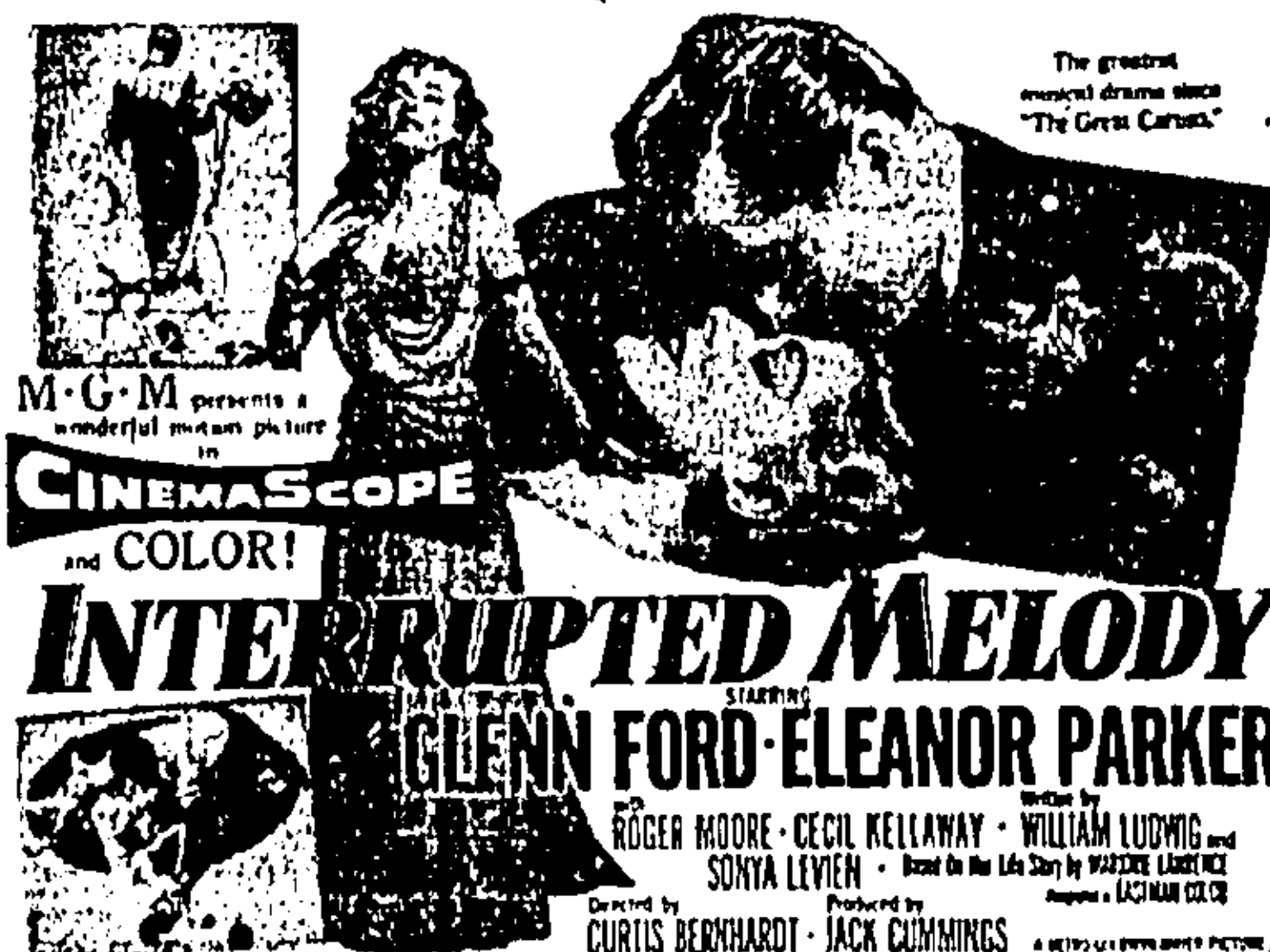
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Coming! Coming!

Antony Steel in "PASSAGE HOME"

With Peter Finch — Diane Cilento

A story of the sea, of seamen, of a ship and . . . of a woman called Ruth

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

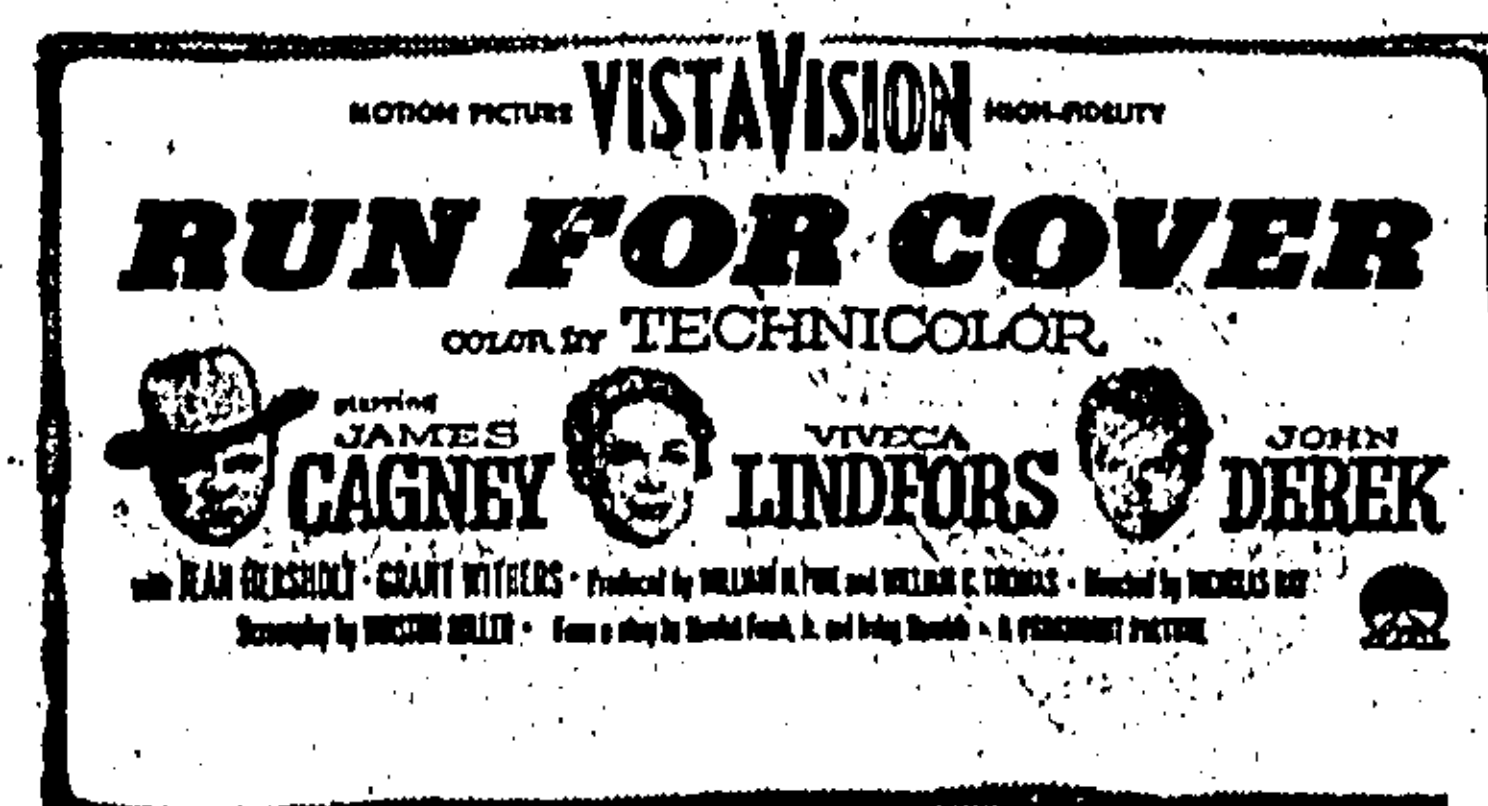
HOOVER at 12.00 Noon

LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.

"KNIGHT OF THE
ROUND TABLE"
with Robert Taylor
and Ava Gardner

"VALLEY OF THE KINGS"
with Robert Taylor
and Eleanor Parker

CAPITOL RITZ
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

"KING KONG"
An RKO Picture

"SANDS OF IWO JIMA"
A Republic Picture

FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE, QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea". Jules Verne's fabulous story is given a face-lift for present day minds. It is well presented and from the adventure point of view, gripping. James Mason, Kirk Douglas, Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre. HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Waterloo Bridge". The love story of two people from different walks of life. Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor. KING'S and PRINCESS: "Foxfire". A love affair between a half caste Apache Indian and an American socialite. Jane Russell and Jeff Chandler. NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Big Combo". Crime and detection mixed with brutality. Cornel Wilde, Richard Conte and Brian Donlevy. ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Virgin Queen". Bette Davis is once more Elizabeth of England. Richard Todd is Raleigh and Joan Collins is Beth Throgmorton, lady-in-waiting. Essex is conspicuously absent.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Seven Little Foys". The hectic on-stage and behind-the-scenes story of the life of comedians Eddie Foy and his son. HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Blackboard Jungle". The most controversial film since "On the Waterfront" gives a frightening picture of juvenile delinquency in American schools and of the sometimes inadequate mental ability of schoolmasters to deal with it. Glenn Ford and Louis Calhern. "Passage Home". A good British picture telling the story of a modern Captain Bligh. Peter Finch, Diane Cilento and Anthony Steel. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "A Streetcar Named Desire". The full gamut of human emotions. Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Story of Verdi". The dying composer looks back over his life. In Ferranicolour and with the voices of Tito Gobbi and Mario del Monaco.

prepared to bow the knee and give public assurances of his devotion, his heart is elsewhere. Although I have not yet seen the picture, I have a very good idea of Bette Davis' portrayal of Elizabethan rage when she discovers that her gallant Sir Walter has been making a fool of her with her provocative lady-in-waiting, played by Joan Collins.

Richard Todd is the adventurer who is credited with introducing tobacco into society—as well as of being gallant, or quick-witted enough to fling his cloak across a puddle in the interests of his future.

Raleigh has always seemed to me to have been a bit of a hard-headed opportunist, but as he and Joan Collins supply the love interest in this CinemaScope piece of history, I expect he has been treated more kindly.

The ambition of Essex led him to the block. The last scene of "The Virgin Queen" shows Raleigh and his Beth sailing to America with the blessing of the Queen, and in those scheming times you must have been pretty hard-headed to have managed to keep it to your shoulders. Raleigh managed to preserve his until the reign of James I.

Italian atmosphere in this film. The seedy, broken-down apartment has been photographed in all its squalor and the noisy, bawling, dirty street running past it could almost be walked on, so clever is the camera work. But it is Vivien Leigh's performance that commands the overall attention.

She is by turns wheedling, bitter, coy, self-pitying, violent and terrifyingly frightened. Kim Hunter is a perfect foil for her and even the strong performance of Marlon Brando fails to surpass that of this English actress.

It Was Very Very Funny

I'm not going to apologise for reviewing "How To Be Very, Very Popular" after it's finished, because I feel it had too short a run and a lot more people are going to want to see it.

Allowing for personal taste—and after all, even a critic can be forgiven for this—I would say that it's one of the cheeriest films I've seen for some time.

Crossing the road to the Roxy in the dark—as, in common with many of their pictures this one wasn't previewed to the press and it was necessary to see it after its general release.

I wasn't particularly thrilled at the prospect of spending an evening viewing the rather dumb "Miss Grable" making

like a college girl, as I believe the American expression to be, or seeing the Marilyn Monroe substitute, Sherree North on her mettle.

However, once I'd got into the theatre and become used to the somewhat obvious make-up that made both girls look as though they were running a temperature, it began to be fun.

Robert Cummings' rubbery mouth is not my idea of the ultimate in male beauty—though his sense of comedy timing is perfect; nor is a hypnotised girl the most original subject around which to build a farce, but I have to admit that some of the scenes had me laughing to the point of hysteria.

They weren't new—people have been hit on the head by someone who thinks they're someone else sufficiently often for it to have ceased to be funny many years ago—so why should it be so hilarious when it happens to Fred Clark?

Expelled students of an American college have been hidden away by well-meaning friends so that an ambitious father can imagine that his son is still being educated, many times before, so why is it so funny when it happens to Orson Bean?

I just don't know the answer—all I know is that if "How To Be Very, Very Popular" may not be the funniest, or the best produced, or the slickest picture this year—if it comes on a second time, try to see it. It's a sure cure for the miseries!

Retrospect Of A Dying Man

Verdi is a dying man when

"The Story of Verdi" opens and the picture takes the audience into his past as he slowly reviews his triumphs, sorrows and struggles.

It attempts to show the influence of his private life over his compositions.

Not all his works have been successes and as each peak of joy or sadness in his life has been reached, it is identified with an opera, sometimes good, sometimes poor.

The cast is entirely Italian and none of the names are familiar to me, but the singing comes from two very well known operatic voices—Mario del Monaco and Tito Gobbi.

It has been photographed in Ferranicolour.

A Long Run

"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" continues its successful run at the Queen's, Empire and Alhambra over the week-end and will probably continue until the middle of next week.

This is good family stuff, suitable for children and adults.

MAJESTIC

TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

"THE VIRGIN QUEEN" with Bette Davis, Richard Todd, Joan Collins

"THE PRODIGAL" with Lana Turner, Edmund Purdom, Louis Calhern

"ULYSSES" with Anthony Quinn, Jean Simmons, Robert Taylor

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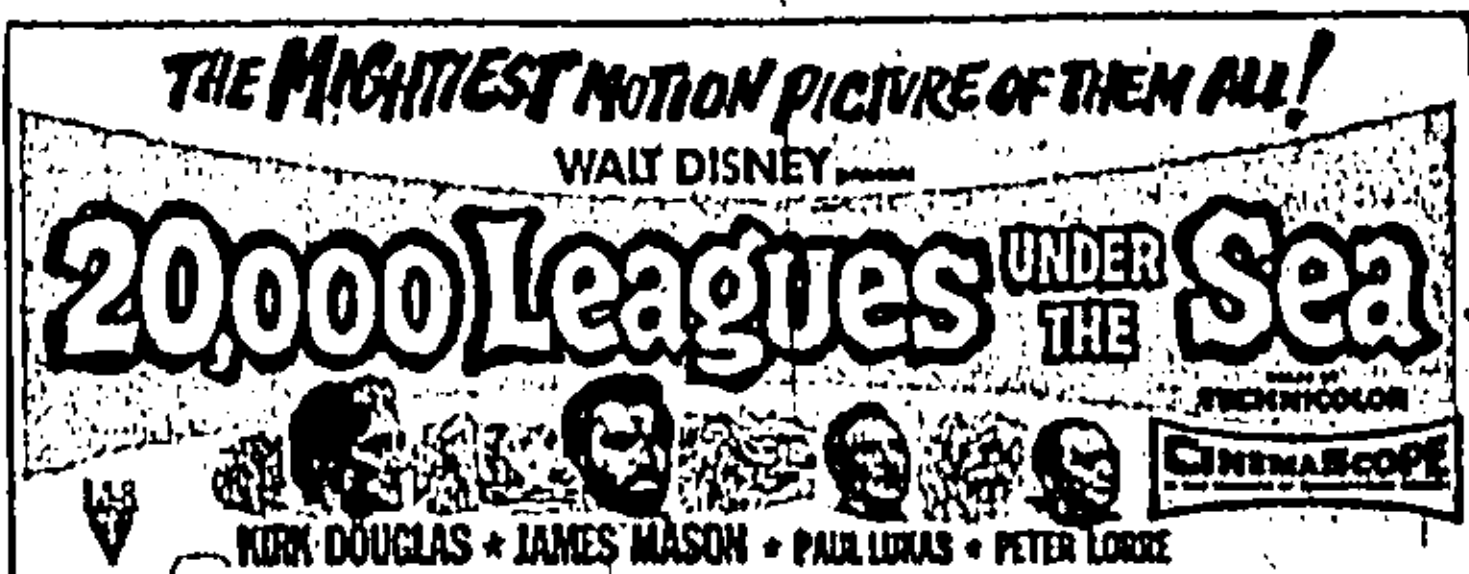
"THE VIRGIN QUEEN" with Bette Davis, Richard Todd, Joan Collins

"THE PRODIGAL" with Lana Turner, Edmund Purdom, Louis Calhern

"ULYSSES" with Anthony Quinn, Jean Simmons, Robert Taylor

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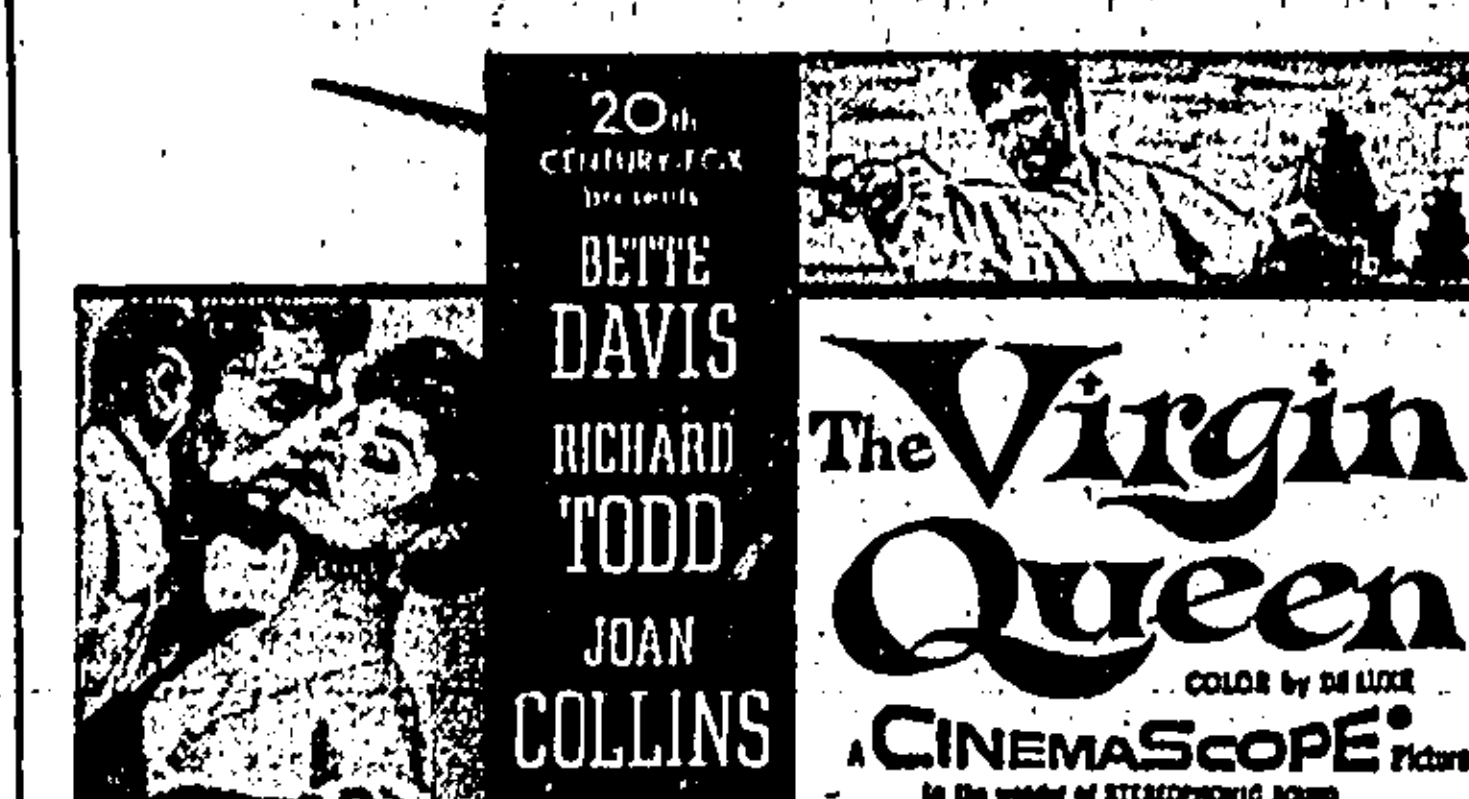
SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



ALSO: LATEST BRITISH-GAUMONT NEWS
SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: Walt Disney's "PETER PAN"
GREAT WORLD: FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
ENGLAND'S MIGHTIEST PERIOD LIVES AGAIN!



ROXY: 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
Extra Performance of "THE VIRGIN QUEEN" At 12 Noon

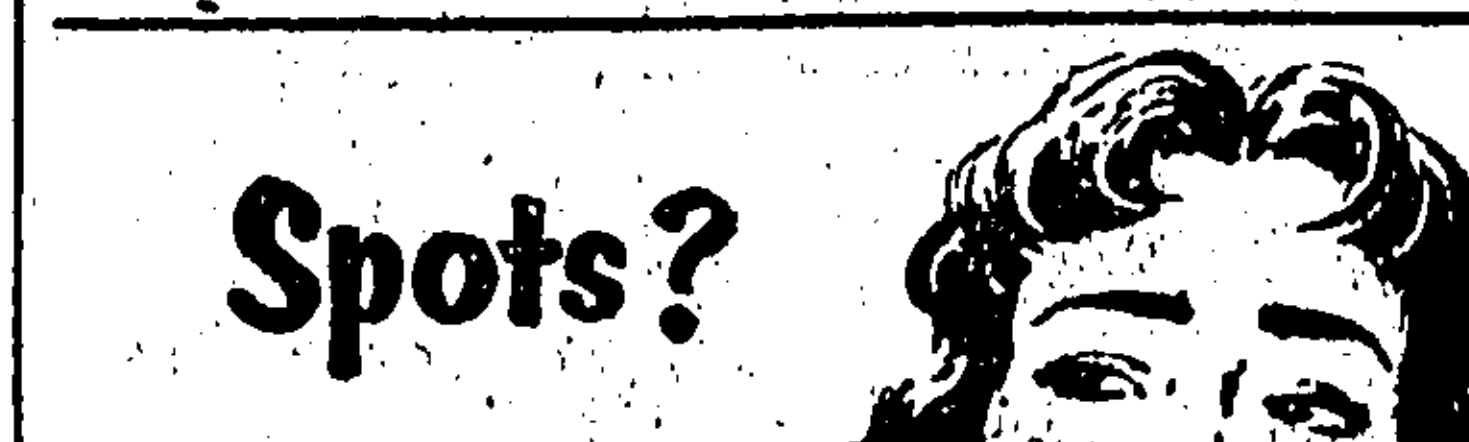
BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show At 12.00 Noon
TOM & JERRY TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
Presented by M-G-M Reduced Admission: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Mothers & Children Will Like This Liner

Montreal. When the Canadian Pacific Steamships' new, 26,000-ton liner Empress of Britain makes her maiden voyage to Canada next spring, a lot of compliments will probably go to the men who built her.

But according to a spokesman at the company's headquarters here, much of the ship was built with women in mind. The feminine touch ranges from special tones in the light arrangements to individual washing machines and gadgets for heating babies' bottles. The spokesman said that when plans for passenger accommodation were being completed aboard the liner in a Scots shipyard, a selection of brunettes, brunettes and redheads went aboard.

They were cosmetics supplied by the world's leading manufacturers and toured special rest rooms and cabins to determine the most flattering combinations of light and color to their complexion.

Not Special Cabins That doesn't mean that the Empress of Britain will have special cabins for blondes, brunettes, redheads or other hair colors women might think up. It won't.

But experts decided after looking at the made-up models in different lights and against varied color backgrounds that the colors used would be good and ivory with "deluxe warm white."

They said make-up applied in private accommodation under fluorescent lighting showed up best with the gold-and-ivory background.

For children, the playroom and nursery walls will be covered with plastic-based paint, because it's easier to wash after youngsters' play on the same as moppets often do ashore and make up the walls.

The playroom will have "stardust yellow" walls, curtains in colorful prints and bright seat-covers.

Murals will show elephants and other jungle animals and a huge blackboard will be on one wall complete with a big supply of multi-colored chalk.

Washing Machines Women with young children and clothes and nappy-washing problems will get a break aboard the liner which will be manned mostly by British crewmen. A laundrette at the after end of "C" deck will be equipped with six automatic washing machines and six cordless electric irons.

There is also a tourist-class playroom which will feature a miniature navigation bridge complete with ship's wheel and engine-room telegraph, a slide and a log-cabin dolls' house. There also will be a special stage for puppet shows.—United Press.

From Chicago: Railroad Companies Plan Radical New Trains For America.

From London: Sailing To America In A 37-ft Lifeboat.

From Vatican City: Who Said Latin Is An Archaic Language?

From Madrid: Spaniards Robbed For Adopting An American Custom.

RADICAL NEW TRAIN DESIGNS FOR AMERICA

REVOLUTION OF The RAILROADS

Chicago. American railroads are banking on radical new train designs — lighter, faster, more comfortable coaches and pullmans—to lift their money-losing passenger services out of their present depression.

They hope to lure travellers from airlines, bus lines and private cars with innovations in speed and luxury. At the same time, the new trains would carry more passengers at less operating cost and help wipe out the \$700,000,000 a year deficit now plaguing the railroad companies.

In a year or two your train ride may be in a high, double-deck coach with seating area "upstairs" and lavatories and baggage compartments "downstairs."

Or, depending on which railroad you take, it may be in a low-slung car where you step down into the seating area as if entering a sunken living room.

Aerotrain Some of the new trains are already in service. The more revolutionary ones are still in the testing stage and will not carry their first paying passengers until next year or later.

Chicago saw one of the most unusual new trains at the recent General Motors Powerama Exhibition. It is GM's "aerotrain," which the New York Central plans to put in service for the first time on its Chicago-Detroit run next spring.

The cars are an adaptation of a 40-passenger bus General Motors manufactures for inter-city bus routes. The train car is 18 inches wider than the bus, however, providing wider seats and greater aisle space. Ten cars will be drawn by a specially-designed single-unit diesel.

So light is the aluminum-bodied aerotrain, according to the makers, it can haul 400 passengers from Chicago to New York for about \$125 worth of fuel at a top speed of 102 mph.

The lightweight "Talgo" train that has been used in Spain for six years will be introduced to Americans in December as the "let rocket" on the Chicago-Peoria run of the Rock Island Railroad. American Car and Foundry Co. describes it as a modernized, more flexible version of the Spanish "Talgo."

Each car is made up of three joined units which allow the train to bend more readily.

This, along with a lower centre of gravity, reduces side sway and permits greater speed on winding curves. The "Talgo" car weighs only half as much as a standard coach.

Another train of low centre of gravity is being built by the Budd Co., of Philadelphia for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Like the Talgo, it employs the tubular principle of construction.

Low-slung The Budd train, which the Pennsylvania will put into operation early next year, will consist of seven coaches seating 574 passengers, plus a separate car for lighting, heating and air conditioning units. The floor of the train is only 22 inches above the rails, compared with 51 inches on ordinary trains.

Budd also is building a self-propelled coach called the "let rocket" for the New Haven Railroad. Each of the six cars in the train is equipped with two 300-horsepower diesel engines.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I don't know how the Russians do it—most folks, when they drink vodka, will say yes to almost anything!"

Now They're Wooing Wives With Orchids

New York. Big business concerns throughout the United States are wooing the wives of their workers with orchids and roses, gold brooches and bracelets — and the new strategy is paying dividends. Companies report a "gratifying" rise in sales and productivity, fewer accidents and even fewer strikes.

"We are aware of the power of a woman," said Mr. L. C. Fill, industrial relations director of one of America's largest manufacturers of gas gloves.

"They can influence their husbands in many constructive ways, and if the wives are a good influence, the company benefits."

Some firms have confined their courtship of the wives to such special goals as union elections and safety programs. But many more companies are beginning to realize the value of the little "personal touch" in finding the way to a woman's heart.

Hospital Flowers When the wife of one big steel corporation employee enters a hospital, the company sends a beautiful, potted plant or basket of flowers. And when one of the corporation's workers is honored for 25 years' service, the company remembers his wife with a gold brooch. If her husband wins a "major suggestion award," the wife is presented with an orchid.

A big fabrics firm sends a dozen red roses to the wives of the concern's 20 leading salesmen each year.

And personal notes go to the brides of members of their sales staff, as well as to the wives of all new salesmen.

A company chief said: "If a wife is unhappy because her husband is away from home four nights a week, we explain the reasons for his absence. Otherwise she may influence him to leave the job."

"It costs us about \$1,000 to train a salesman and we do not want to spend this money only to see it wasted."

When a chemical company decided to strengthen its safety programs, it presented electric clocks to all employees' wives who were able to give the firm's current safety slogan to a telephone questioner.

A petroleum company gives a party for workers and families whenever a plant completes 1,000,000 hours without a "lost-time accident."

Sailing To New York In A Life Boat

London. Bearded French-Canadian Daniel Martell, 35, who works for an American bridge building firm, has decided it is time he reported back to the company's office in Pittsburgh. So this month he leaves Kingston, Surrey, for New York in a 37ft. lifeboat.

"I know it's the wrong time of the year for an Atlantic crossing and we expect to meet 100 mph winds," but I've got to be in America by February," he said.

With him goes a 30-year-old Scot, Mr. Robert Ross, who has just signed on with the firm. Their craft is a former Royal National Lifeboat Institution boat which has saved many lives.

The two men are using the original engine and are also taking sails.

"But safe winds are unlikely in winter and we shall take about 1,000 gallons of fuel in case we have to motor all the way," said Mr. Ross.

Little Space The fuel, food and water will take up most of the space below decks, leaving little living room. "Someone will have to be on deck all the time so we can't need much cabin space," said Mr. Martell.

The lifeboat, now at Birkbeck, will be brought to Kingston soon so that the two men, who are in lodgings at Surbiton Road, Kingston, can modify her for the voyage.

The crossing will take about two months. From New York the men will travel to the office to receive orders for a new job, probably in South America or Australia.

"And we shall sail to our new job in the lifeboat if we can," said Mr. Martell.

Speed Sled Records 1,280 mph

Los Angeles. An unmanned rocket sled reached a record land speed of 1,280 mph in a Navy test on the Mojave Desert but scientists said that record would soon be broken.

Mr. W. D. Drinkwater, operations consultant at the Naval Ordnance test station at China Lake, Calif., disclosed that the record was set in a routine test.

"Higher speeds are expected in the near future," he told the opening session of a three-day high-speed track symposium here.

The previous record for an unmanned sled was 1,100 miles an hour set on a 10,000-foot track at Edwards Air Force Base last spring.

The navy sled hit its peak velocity two seconds after 10 rocket motors with a total thrust of 50,000 pounds sent it on its way on steel-shod runners.

The sleds are used in testing aeroplane armament, pilot escape system and missile components.

Lt.-Col. John P. Stapp, research surgeon from the Holloman Air Development center in New Mexico, also addressed the meeting. Col. Stapp, who rode a sled while it hit a speed of 632 miles per hour last year, said he next will try to ride a rocket sled at 1,000 miles per hour or more.

He said he would be lashed on the sled with a wind screen in front of him in the test to study the effect of extreme winds on the human body.—United Press.

News In The Air PLANES CAUGHT BY 'WASH'

London. NEW tests have been carried out into the dangers of one aeroplane following too closely in the wake of another.

There have been several cases, at least one with fatal results, of a smaller aeroplane getting tossed about by turbulence created by another machine ahead.

Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation officials say that the danger does not come from the engines of the leading aircraft. Disturbance from engines dies away quickly.

The Danger The danger lies in rotating air disturbances trailing behind each wing and dying out so slowly that severe turbulence may be encountered a mile and a half behind the aeroplane.

Flight tests have discovered that an aeroplane caught in such a wash gets a tendency to roll, and in certain conditions rolling cannot be checked.

Viscounts now in airline service in different parts of the world have now flown about 180,000 hours and are adding about 3,000 hours every week.

Orders for Britain's best-selling airliner—the world's first with propeller-jet engines—now total 234, and Vickers estimate that by 1958 Viscounts will be flying about 1,200 hours every day.

Seventy-one Viscounts have so far been delivered.

A FORK IS A FORK!

Not A Shovel

Madrid. The introduction into Europe of the American custom of eating with the fork in the right hand after first cutting the meat, was depicted by the newspaper "ABC."

"Over two thousand years we have groined a way of eating with the knife and fork which was simple and even aesthetic."

"But suddenly the European table is invaded by a revolution. There we really feel their confusion, resist, but those who are weaker have fallen or are about to fall."

"Already some—fortunate—only a few—impressible people are imitating the table manners of the athletic young men from the west."

"We appeal to our fellows of this small 'Hispania' where we have been active for centuries in the field of intellectual achievements, to eat with the fork in their left hand"—China Mail Special.

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LATIN CATCHES UP ON THE GAME OF FOLLIS PEDUMQUE LUDUS

Vatican City. If the ancient Romans had played football, they would have called it *follis pedumque ludus*.

And a centre-forward would not have shot a goal, but rather *follis in portum ingere*.

Such are the decisions of one of the foremost Latin experts in the world, Monsignor Antonio Bacci, secretary of Latin letters of the Holy See.

CONVERSION THROUGH SURGERY?

Johannesburg. A Johannesburg brain surgeon performed an operation on a man who had served three prison sentences totalling 18 years.

The operation—a leucotomy—was performed at the patient's request as a last effort to control that portion of his brain which directs his actions along unlawful channels.

This middle-aged man—a qualified accountant—has been sentenced for fraud, burglary and impersonation.

The surgeon who performed the operation said that it would be the last of his kind. The result could be assessed.—China Mail Special.

The findings are published in the third edition of Mons. Bacci's *Lexicon* which translates into Latin new words that have crept into the world's language since Nero played a fiddle and Rome burned down.

Entitled "Italian-Latin vocabulary of modern and difficult words to translate," the new edition contains 10,000 words, or 3,000 new additions.

In Latin the book is called "Lexicon Eorum Vocabulorum Quae Difficilis Latine Roduntur."

12 Years' Work Previous editions have been considered invaluable to Latin students, ecclesiastics, figures as well as those diplomats who occasionally must express themselves in the ancient tongue.

Mons. Bacci, 70, said his *Lexicon* represents the better part of 12 years' labour.

"Many words in English or Italian require more words in Latin," he explained.

Also variations or meanings and the general subject take a lot of explanation.

"Naturally," he added, "there was no rubber bladder, pedumque means foot. And *follis* to play."

Aeroplane came rather easily — and in one word: "Vellivolium." —United Press.

A Transparent Woman Has Her Voice Changed

Boston. A transparent woman who arrived here from Germany the other day already had lost her German accent.

But it took a lot of work. The nameless glass lady was imported by the Massachusetts Heart Association. With her internal organs illuminated, she will be a talking exhibit at the Boston Museum of Science to show visitors how the human body functions.

An aluminum skeleton with piezoelectric skin, the transparent woman is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 88 pounds.

On her arrival she spoke English with a German accent, with such pronunciation as "muskele" for muscles and "pente" for pain.

So Mrs. Elizabeth Kitham of Framingham, a radio-TV personality, was engaged to re-record the script in good English.—United Press.

The fuel, food and water will take up most of the space below decks, leaving little living room. "Someone will have to be on deck all the time so we can't need much cabin space," said Mr. Martell.

The lifeboat, now at Birkbeck, will be brought to Kingston soon so that the two men, who are in lodgings at Surbiton Road, Kingston, can modify her for the voyage.

The crossing will take about two months. From New York the men will travel to the office to receive orders for a new job, probably in South America or Australia.

"And we shall sail to our new job in the lifeboat if we can," said Mr. Martell.



PRINCESS MARGRETHE, 15-year-old heir to the Danish throne, now in England for a year's course at the North Foreland Lodge School, Hampshire, is pictured here on her way to a Sunday morning communion service with the headmistress, Miss Fenella Gamwell. The pretty Princess is one of 90 pupils at the school. Her father, King Frederick, stipulated: "She must be treated like all other girls." (Express)



LEFT: Britain's blonde, buxom Diana Dors, who usually plays slinky, seductive roles in her films, undergoes a drastic switch of type in her new picture, "Yield To The Night." The film is based on the novel, "Who Lie In Jail" by Joan Henry, and in it Diana plays a condemned murderess. She is shown here in a scene from the film. (Express)



MR. Martin Ledermann, author of a book on how to lose weight, "The Slim Gourmet," has just arrived in Britain after a European tour during the course of which he observed the diet habits of people in different countries. (Express)



TEST pilot John Cunningham (left) and his co-pilot, Peter Bugge, shown before the Comet II airliner after they had taken it on a 10,000 mile proving flight to Africa and back to Britain. It was the first overseas flight of a Comet since the two disasters more than 18 months ago. Cunningham said he was satisfied with the tests. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



SIR GERALD KELLY, peppery, 76-year-old former President of the Royal Academy, is selling a large part of his art collection in order to buy the house he has known as home for the past 42 years. So under the auctioneer's hammer will come fine furniture, Chinese porcelain and a bronze figure by Rodin. (Express)



MODERN England is still the land of historical customs, and there are few places where ceremonial is so much to the fore as the Tower of London. Installation was held there the other day of Field Marshal Lord Wilson as Constable of the Tower. Highlight of the ceremony was the handing over of the Tower keys, as shown above. (Express)

LEFT: Leonora Mila, 13-year-old Spanish girl pianist, was given 15 minutes to leave the Albert Hall, London, after she gave a concert there. An inspector of the London County Council was there to enforce it because, being a child artist, she had to abide by this regulation. Said one critic: "She played with the composure of a veteran." (Express)



SCREEN actress Eunice Gayson as she looked at the premiere in London of the new mystery play, "The Whole Truth." She is wearing a pink duster coat trimmed with ermine. (Express)

BELOW: The park keeper in St James's Park, London, gathers in dead autumn leaves with rake and besom. The leaves can no longer be burned, as the Park is in the newly-constituted smokeless zone in which it is hoped to eliminate London's worst enemy—Smog. (Army News)



JOHN CLARKE, 18-year-old soldier, had his hair cut in the style of Mohican Red Indian braves, and when he returned to Norton Manor Camp, near Taunton, Somerset, he was met by war whoops from the men. Nothing in regulations forbids such a haircut. The drill sergeant, said Clarke, told him to "double to the Quartermaster's store to draw a tomahawk." Clarke's CO was quite upset. "I wouldn't like to tell what he said," commented "the Mohican." (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

THE CALL-UP by GILES



"Attention, please, gentlemen. The only cutting we're doing round here today is your 'air'."

London Express Service

One of the world's strangest stories... For 77 years she was unknown—then she bought paint and brushes. This year 20,000,000 Christmas cards bear the name of

GRANDMA MOSES

By JOHN MARSHALL

IN the year 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States of America, there was born on a remote farm in Washington County, New York State, to Margaret Shannah Robertson, wife of Russell King Robertson, a girl who was named Anna Mary because her mother didn't like the combination Mary Anne.

An unremarkable event, you would think, especially as Anna Mary was one of ten children, and more especially against a backdrop of history on which the storm clouds of the Civil War were gathering. Yet with all the stirring events of those times Anna Mary still lives—and not only lives but adds daily to her fame throughout the world.

For Anna Mary Robertson, born nearly 96 years ago, is today eminent far outside her own land as Grandma Moses, one of the phenomena of this history-packed century. Until she was 77 she was completely unknown and had never thought of being a painter. Yet, today she is America's most celebrated contemporary artist, with 1,200 paintings to her credit, and with 20,000,000 cards reproduced from some of them going round the globe this Christmas.

Improving All The Time

Fabulous, is it not? Yet Grandma Moses believes that her best work may be ahead of her. With modesty she said to me in her little home in remote Eagle Bridge, some 200 miles from New York: "I'm improving all the time. I have only to look at some of my old paintings (those painted when she was in her eighties) to see how much better the present ones are."

Let me sketch the rich life of this astounding human being who remains completely unaffected by the fame that has come to her in old age. She calls herself Scot, and likes to add, with a twinkle in her eye, that she has a dash of English, French and Indian, too.

Somewhere in the family tree there was a marriage to an Indian girl, and Grandma enjoys administering mild shocks with this revelation. Once, when a visitor was boasting about Pilgrim descent, Grandma said, with a quiet smile: "Oh, my ancestors were there to welcome them."

Grandma remembers going to see her Grandma at

Eagle Bridge nearly 90 years ago and asking why everything was draped in black. Lincoln had been shot the night before and the tiny girl was deeply disturbed by the comment of the man who gave them the news: "Oh, what will become of us now?"

Remembers First Thanksgiving

She remembers vividly her first Thanksgiving, her first Independence Day, her first thunderstorm—all in the 'sixties. She remembers, too, at the age of seven, gathering the sap from the maple trees for the process known as "sugaring off," the title of one of her most notable pictures.

How valuable have been those recollections, for they have formed the basis for many fine paintings, enriching inculcably the folklore of her country. For folk pictures they are, and you



may call them primitive, if you like, but they have captured for ever some of the scenes and simple ceremonies of the American countryside of nearly a century ago.

"I paint mostly from memory," Grandma Moses told me. "I just shut my eyes and there is the scene in detail. Sometimes I use imagination as well, but I very rarely paint the landscape in front of me. All my pictures show things as they are, or were. As for that modern stuff, well, I just don't understand it."

In childhood days Anna Mary never thought of being a painter. Her father showed a certain untutored talent and sometimes Anna Mary would borrow brush and paint to dab happily. "My favourite colour was red," she confided with a chuckle, "and what a red. They used it to mark the sheep."

In any case there wasn't much time, for children had to work hard between lessons. At 12 she left school at Eagle Bridge to go into domestic service, and it was in the home of Mr and Mrs James that she met their hired man, Thomas Salmon Moses, who was thrifty, temperate and of good repute—girls had to be careful, for so many young men in those days turned out to be chicken thieves.

In 1887 they were married and went South, an adventurous journey through Washington to the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia. There she lived for 20 years and stored in that matrix memory of hers the glowing scenes of winter and spring, which she was to bring to vivid life again on canvas more than 60 years later.

Ten children they had, though only five survived infancy. Her life though often touched with sorrow was on the whole happy. "We had all the wants of life and good neighbours," Grandma sums up.

Grandma's greatest sorrow came in 1927 when Thomas died. They had returned to Eagle Bridge to the farm life they

As we walked round the living-room Grandma pointed out some framed, worsted pictures with which she used to beguile the evenings. One day her sister Celestia, a doctor, then and suggested she should try painting in oils instead. And as Grandma, then 77, was freed at last from domestic chores, she bought herself paint and brushes and "had a go," though her hands were waried from arthritis.

When she had painted a few pictures a friend urged her to send them down to old Thomas's drug store, which still overlooks Hoosick Falls. There they were seen by a New York art collector who bought the lot and wanted to see some more. A relative told him Grandma had about ten. "But I hadn't," said she, "and I couldn't sleep all that night. I rummaged around and found some and I cut one in half to make two and framed the halves. He never knew that for years, until I told him."

Became Famous Overnight

That was the start of it. There were demands for more and more pictures, exhibitions, a radio interview, trips to New York and Washington. Grandma Moses, Christmas cards, Grandma Moses, fabrics, visitors by the hundred, letters by the thousand, requests to attend this, that and the other function. She had become famous overnight.

Yet today Grandma Moses is as simple a person as she was on that fateful day when Celestia told her to try painting. She is the sort of Grandma anyone would love to have. She is tiny and fragile, five-foot-minus and five-stone-minus, but so brimming with vitality that just to meet her is an unforgettable experience.

She is wise, witty and kindly. Her spelling is a bit shaky but her knowledge of life and people is profound. She is no intellectual but she can discuss anything with shrewd good humour. No wonder then that when she met President Truman she was not in the least nervous but could only think of him as Harry, one of her boys.

Grandma chuckled as she talked to me about that afternoon at Blair House. After tea there was a thunderstorm. "Don't be afraid," said the President, "this large house has many lightning-rods in it." Grandma gave me a shy smile. It was clear that Grandma was unlikely to be afraid of anything in this world.

Her Boy the President

Another of her boys, by the way, is President Eisenhower, though she hasn't met him. On the living-room wall among her own paintings is a little reproduction which is, perhaps, her proudest possession. The artist was like himself and the inscription reads: "For Grandma Moses, a real artist, from a rank amateur." Cracked Grandma: "I guess he wanted my vote."



Yes, Grandma remains essentially simple and everything about her home is simple too. There's the piano, slightly senior to herself ("so old there's nobody left that can tune it"), furniture which has accompanied Grandma through much of her life, a TV set by no means among the more recent models. She herself wears demure black with a single piece of jewellery, a clasp of no great value, in addition to her engagement and wedding rings. It simply does not occur to her to spend any of her wealth on luxuries on herself or her home. "I have just what I need for my own requirements," says she.

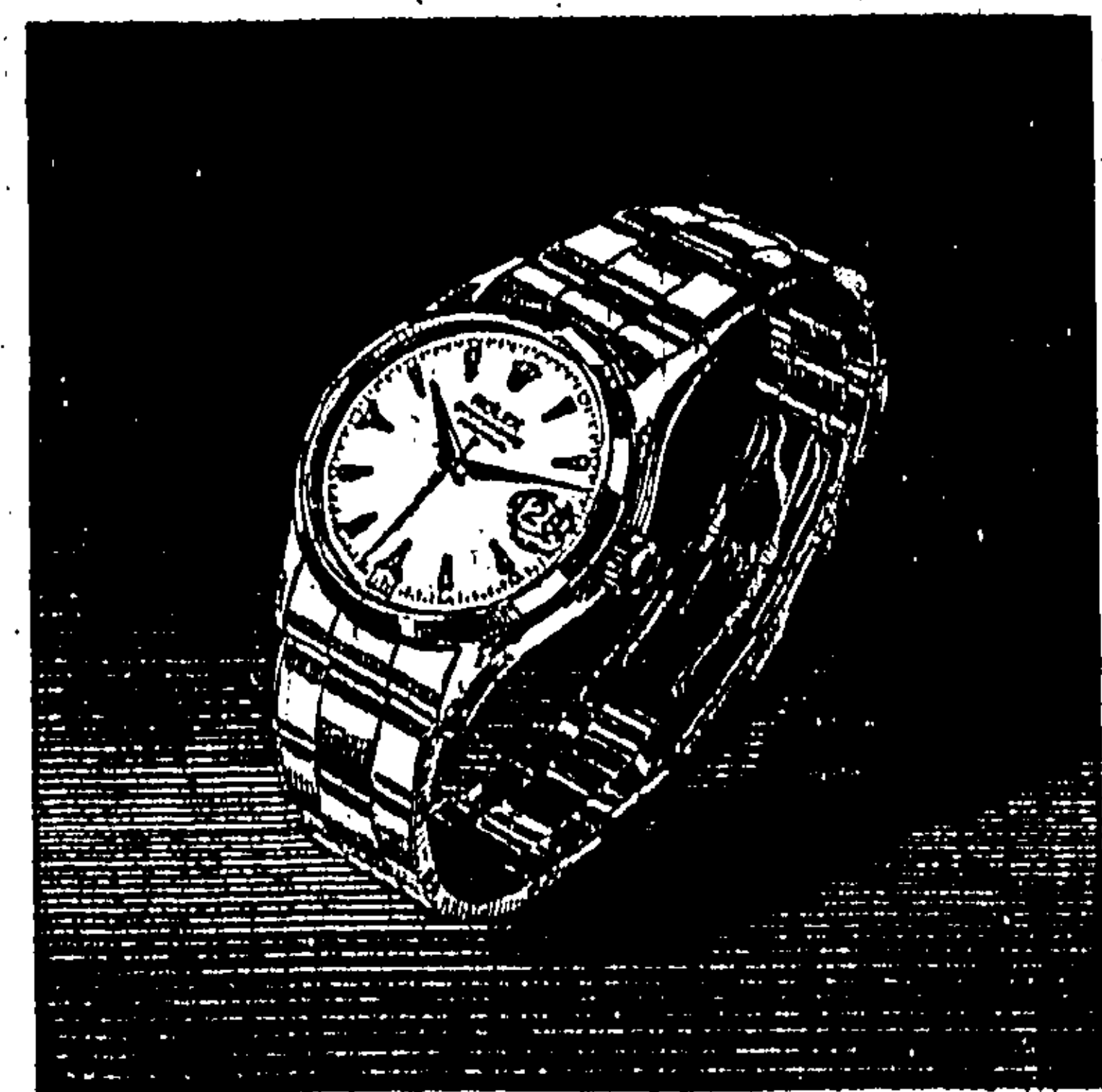
She marks in pencil a price on all her pictures far, far below their value in the salerooms. The money she makes really means nothing to her except to help her very large family of five children, 12 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren. "I leave all money matters to my lawyer," said Grandma.

There is a classic question interviewers address to nonagenarians and centenarians: "To what do you attribute your longevity?" I didn't ask it, I assure you. In Grandma's case the answer is obvious. If you are lucky enough to spend a few hours with her as I did, it is an enormous zest for life. She looks forward, not back, even in her 96th year.

"I have a compact with my doctor," she told me, "to dance an Irish jig on my 100th birthday."

And her final words were: "Now you come out to see me again in the spring. It's just lovely here then."

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ADVENTURE ON A SHOESTRING, CHAPTER THREE

A CEREMONIAL MEAL ON TOP OF PINGARO

THE Cunningham-McInnes Himalayan Expedition was a staggeringly gallant failure, since it did not climb Everest. But it was a success and a gallant success, too, in the climbs it actually tried.

The big Himalayan expeditions have their course well mapped and their equipment well tested, regardless of expense. With pathetic equipment and no stores to speak of, Cunningham and McInnes didn't really map out a course till they had had a look at the available mountains. Then, they were game for practically anything the Himalayas were prepared to offer. After leaving their monastery, they saw what Cunningham describes as "a nice peak."

"It looked nice and accessible, and we decided to have a go at it to warm up. We took on a fresh supply of potatoes, and made straight for the mountain. 'Well, maybe the peak wouldn't have been too difficult, but we found ourselves, in the approach, scrambling up a boulder-filled gully with thick jungle on each side.

"We stuck to the gully at first till it became totally impassable. Then we cut off into the jungle and cut our way up the side. Soon the jungle became completely impassable too, and we moved back out into the gully.

"We scrambled and hacked and sweated our way up inch by inch, moving from the gully to the jungle and back to the gully time after time, and hoping all the time for the going to open up for us.

"We did this for three days. Then we had a good look at

CLIFF HANLEY continues the story of the Cunningham-McInnes "tuppence-hapenny" expedition to the Himalayas. The two didn't get to climb Everest, but did scale two high mountains in Sola Khumbu, the Valley of Fifteen Peaks. They got to within 900 feet of the summit of Pumori when a storm stopped them. But in the second attempt they went to the top of Pingaro, a giant of 20,000 feet.

what we were doing. We had come exactly three miles in these three days, and at this rate we had enough potatoes left to do another mile or so. There was nothing else to do but come back.

"We skirted this 'nice accessible peak' and headed towards Everest. Most of the time we found going easier than this, but not always easy.

"At one point we had to climb over three mountain passes, each 16,000 feet high. These were passes, but each one was higher than Mount Everest, and this is a good indication of the sheer size of Himalayan climbing.

At 16,000 feet, we walked and climbed in shorts. For really high altitudes, our costume was to be shorts worn over long underpants, because I had only one pair of trousers, and I wanted to save these for our big climb. You like to look respectable when you're planting the flag.

"Hamish and I didn't climb Everest. There was really no point in trying by the time we arrived, for the Hunt expedition had already beaten us to it. Our original plan was to move in after the failure of Colonel Hunt's attempt and using his discarded stores—there are tons and tons of food on Everest left by previous climbers, and this would have solved one very big problem.

"But we couldn't find ourselves in Sola Khumbu, the Valley of Fifteen Peaks, with-

out at least making a friendly visit to the world's highest mountain.

"We made a visit to the Everest base camp and spent the night there.

"But we weren't finished with Everest. We made a reconnaissance on the glacier, and travelled further than we should have. Suddenly we realised that darkness was falling, and that we had missed our bearings somewhere.

"We scouted around on the ice, but it didn't take long to discover that we were completely lost. Luckily, we were lost together.

"When this happens, there's only one thing to do, and we did it. We gave up the search and bled down for the night on the glacier. It was cold."

"They were travelling in the monsoon season because of their previous plan to follow the Hunt expedition up Everest. Pumori was the first mountain on which they made a serious attempt.

For stores, they bought their second sheep and a sack of potatoes. They bought the sheep on the hoof, and were faced with their first problem. The 22 rifle with which they had shot their first sheep now had no bullets.

In their casual way, they had also contrived to lose most of the cutlery they had set out with from India. Their only offensive weapon was a very blunt table knife.

The unexpected difficulty suddenly made the whole idea

of killing the sheep distasteful, but they had to have food, and preferably meat, for the tough climb ahead of them.

Hamish finally solved the problem by using his nylon climbing rope to garrote the sheep, and immediately set about skinning it and cutting it up with the blunt knife.

A storm defeated their attempt on Pumori when they had ascended to within 900 feet of the top.

For three days they were trapped in their tent, and during three days they ate the entire sheep and something like a hundredweight of potatoes. A rockfall on the mountain also ruined their tent completely, and from then on right back to India they travelled without one.

After three days they managed to get off the mountain, feeling their failure bitterly. It was wretchedly cold and wet, and they lost their way near the base. Now they had to sleep out properly in the wet and the cold.

This was probably the nadir point of the Cunningham-McInnes Himalayan expedition. But they survived it. And they had more climbing ahead of them.

Nothing can dim the glory of the final ascent on Everest by Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing. Like the four-minute mile of Bannister and Jaguar's 100-mile-an-hour twenty-four hours at Le Mans, it is a "first" that may be equaled or even improved, but never supplanted in the history of achievement.

But the tuppence-hapenny trek of John Cunningham and Hamish McInnes into the Himalayas is a first in its own right too. And if glory consists in large achievement with nothing but human sinew and courage, and the puniest of equipment, Cunningham and McInnes deserve a place in history too.

And the experience of Cunningham and McInnes has some significance for any Himalayan expedition. When man has to fight nature he fights it most nobly with his bare hands, and this is practically what the Scottish climbers did.

Modern climbers can call in several branches of science to give them extra strength and extra mobility.

But without anything much in the way of scientific help, Cunningham and McInnes discovered that by adapting themselves to their environment they could dispense with science's help.

Thoroughly acclimatised to Himalayan heights, they found McInnes had reached one of the most noble with his bare hands, and this is practically what the Scottish climbers did.

At 22,000 feet Cunningham's pulse-rate was normal at 60 to the minute, McInnes's normal at 58. In the monsoon season they failed to reach the peak of Pumori, but no more miserably than well-equipped expeditions have failed Himalayan climbs.

They set out for Pingaro, at 20,000 feet, not one of the greatest in this district of giants, but a big climb in any language, and tailor-made for two Scottish climbers wise in rock-

climbing, for Pingaro is black, black, bare rock.

You might call it a good Scottish peak magnified six times, and the pair approached it just like that.

McInnes is an experienced rock climber; Cunningham certainly one of the best, and perhaps the very best rock-climber in Scotland today.

As good members of the Craig Dhu Club in Scotland they started off at Craig Dhu time-no-rising-at-dawn nonsense, but 10 a.m.

Cunningham classifies the climb as a "severe," and they had a difficult time, but at first they climbed unroped.

After they had made some height, however, Hamish McInnes slipped. There was a horrible moment that looked like the end of the expedition till Cunningham got a hold on his partner and pulled him back.

After this they climbed roped together, Cunningham leading. The ridge of Pingaro Cunningham described as "just difficult, with some chimneys."

Route-finding became difficult as a snowstorm sprang up, and the fifteen-pound rope became a nuisance to carry too.

Cunningham followed the ridge as the easiest way. This meant, for much of the way, taking two steps up and three down.

The two travelled light on this peak assault. Their stores were a turnip each, which it must be admitted they had had to sneak, but of chocolate, and the tin of pate de foie gras they had bought from a Nepalese.

They reached the peak as darkness fell. They had no flag to plant, but they made a ceremonial meal of the stores. "Never tasted foie gras before," Cunningham told me. "It's lovely."

The Himalayan night found the two of them right on top of Pingaro, but they went down very fast indeed, in darkness, by rappelling.

In this system, you drive a metal peg into the rock, hang a rope over it, and let one end of the rope out with the other end fastened to your body.

When the rope is paid out, you pull it down, drive in a new peg or piton, and repeat the process.

By rappelling, Cunningham and McInnes scrambled and swung down through the darkness till they reached home base at 2 a.m.

This was their last serious climb in the Himalayas, but it was not the end of the story.

"If only we had more potatoes at the time," Cunningham would have had a go at Nuptse, a 25,000-foot beauty and still unclimbed.

Since the potatoes didn't happen to be around at the right time, Nuptse is still unclimbed. But Cunningham and McInnes had reached one of the most noble with his bare hands, and this is practically what the Scottish climbers did.

They had also lost or discarded a large portion of their original small equipment in the process. Cunningham's journal, since the Armistice of 1949, there have been flare-ups along the artificial frontier that separates Jew from Arab.

Not that the war has ever really stopped. Time, and time again, since the Armistice of 1949, there have been flare-ups along the artificial frontier that separates Jew from Arab.

The Arabs will never admit even the existence of Israel, let alone her present frontiers. And the Jews, inflamed by their comparatively easy victory over seven Arab States, lose no opportunity to show the Arabs how much better the Israeli army is.

'BINKIE' BEAUMONT'S SHOW BLUES

By John Barber

MR HUGH BEAUMONT had 10 London shows running a year ago. Today he can count only three in the West End. I exclude one that is coming off. None is a bright or new success.

For power in the theatre is dramatically shifting. The 46-year-old "Binkie" Beaumont (the nickname is Welsh for "darling"), a courtly and taut-nerved show-man of impeccable taste, has fed a dominating syndicate of theatre in London and the provinces with a constant stream of hits.

Barely in this decade have there been fewer than 12 to 15 Beaumont shows in town. At the plushiest theatres. By the cleverest authors. With the brightest stars.

The man who rose from assistant manager of the Playhouse, Cardiff, to be boss of the world's biggest play-producing group—H. M. Tennent—is off on holiday.

To forget the first night he hates, the limelight he shuns.

To forget that a year ago he had Noel Coward, Terence Rattigan, Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Sybil Thorndike, Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft on his payroll—and now has none of them.

To forget that today every top-drawing show in town is financially promoted by an independent manager.

THE HITS

Who are the new masters of Shaftesbury Avenue? Look at the big hits now running.

"The Mousetrap" (Ambassadors), by Agatha Christie—London's longest run—is put on by Peter Saunders, the slow-speaking, gravel-voiced, ex-journalist also behind "Spider's Web," with Margaret Lockwood (Savoy), the new A. P. J. Herbert-Vivian Ellis musical "The Water Gipsies" (Winter Garden), and the New York smash-hit, "Witness for the Prosecution."

"Sephate Tables" (St. James's), Rattigan's two-plays-in-one smash-hit, is presented by Stephen Mitchell, quiet, unobtrusive, Aberdeen-born bachelor-of-law, now running a California theatre for dollar millionaires Huntington Hartford. His other recent London hit, "Tiger at the Gates," with Michael Redgrave, opens in New York.

"The Boy Friend" (Wyndham's), the musical triumph of London and New York, is the baby of shy, slim Gervase Farn-

jeon, one-time Dublin architect—and his first big show.

"The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker" (New) is the third hit in row from Donald Albery, wine connoisseur and ex-Sadler's Wells manager, the man who backed Graham Greene's "The Living Room" and John Van Drulens' "I Am a Camera"—and who made Dorothy Tutin a star.

"All For Mary" (now on tour), recent London success, made a 400 percent profit for Henry Sherck, mountaineer—but slimming—former Regular Army officer under Lord Montgomery ("Till I went wrong—into show business").

And four money-planners from the three oldest showmen—"Kismet" (Stoll) and the musical "Salad Days" (Vaudeville) are put on by 63-year-old Jack Hylton, the Lancashire lad.

"The Reluctant Debutante" (Cambridge) is a new hit for E. P. (Paul) Clift, a veteran who has recently sold this play to M.G.M. for films and the New York stage.

"Sailor Beware!" (Strand), another success for violin-playing Jack Waller, the "Roll Away, Clouds" song-writer, a man who has written a wicket-uncle smile who says: "The theatre is the medicine that keeps me young."

I have talked to most of these showmen in the last few days. This is the story they tell of the newest theatre trend.

Stars today are easier for them to get. Theatres today are eager for their shows. And new plays, once so hard to find, are tumbling on to their desks in shoals with every post.

REVIVALS

HOW DIFFERENT from last year, when Hugh Beaumont's long list of hits meant that his companies took cash at nearly all the smartest box-offices. For today, such favoured playhouses as the Haymarket, the Apollo, and the Criterion (for long his regular houses) are let to the "independents."

HOW DIFFERENT from last year, when Beaumont can announce only two new plays, and is relying on revivals of "Hamlet" and "Charles's Aunt." For today, it is the independents who have the exciting plans. Henry Sherck's seven-play programme includes dramas about the Caine Mutiny and the Mayerling story and a play by (and starring) Hermione Gingold, "Abracadabra."

Jack Waller is casting a £35,000 musical version of Barrie's "Little Minister," to be called "Wild Grows the Heather."

Donald Albery is planning a musical of Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson." A brand-new manager of 38 from America, Toby Howland, invades the scene with new plays and, in prospect, a musical version of the recent Eleanor Glyn biography.

Note all these plans for musicals, the most expensive (and rewarding) shows to mount. A sure sign that the independents have big money to spend, and confidence in their own survival.

EXPLANATIONS

What has happened to the showman who so recently mounted "The Sleeping Prince," "The Deep Blue Sea," "Seagulls Over Sorrento," "The Little Hut," and "A Day By The Sea"? The talk is that "Binkie" has lost his nerve. Look deeper. Three explanations emerge:—

1. BEAUMONT no longer dares, after last year's public outcry, to put on many shows free of tax, a device which enabled him to keep theatres "warm" and stars at his beck until he could use both for his profit-making company.

2. BEAUMONT has had a long run of perfectly normal theatrical bad luck: stars failing, ill shows flopping and swiftly withdrawn.

3. THE POWERFUL group which controls 50 percent of London's theatre seats has seen that by favouring one play-producing manager they have been strangling his rivals, whom they need for a healthy, varied supply of shows. At one time Jack Waller ("They tried to squeeze me out, old man") nearly quit the business. Others were driven out.

HAPPIER

Survivors now admit that the new situation of Tennent's has made their business easier, happier, sounder.

Undoubtedly, Beaumont has lately lost his grip. But never say he is "finished." Langdon's greatest impresario has more taste, more flair than any rival. Theatregoers owe him lovely shows, want as many more. But it was time his too-mighty wings were clipped.

I hope he never again controls the cream of the theatres, and all the 22-carat names.

For today old and new independent showmen are back injecting the theatre with a long-lost variety and enterprise. And the result is that their shows will be packed.

The public sense and rejoice in a new situation which few have yet understood.

The Bear In The Middle East

By Peter Kirk

TO the British Foreign Office, the announcement that the Russians are selling arms to Egypt was the most disturbing news for years.

There are two reasons for this anxiety. The first is that Russian intervention in the disturbed Palestinian situation may well upset the balance of power there, and spark off the Arab-Israel war all over again.

Not that the war has ever really stopped. Time, and time again, since the Armistice of 1949, there have been flare-ups along the artificial frontier that separates Jew from Arab.

EXPLOSIVE POSITION

The Arabs will never admit even the existence of Israel, let alone her present frontiers. And the Jews, inflamed by their comparatively easy victory over seven Arab States, lose no opportunity to show the Arabs how much better the Israeli army is.

In this explosive situation the Western Powers have been determined to damp things down as much as possible by retaining strict control over the supply of arms to the area.

In a Three Power declaration in May 1950, Britain, France and the United States said that they would make an absolute parity between the two sides, so far as arms were concerned.

Britain has always been the main supplier of arms to that area, and has done her best, for the last five years, to make sure that no one side dominated the other.

The policy has never satisfied the Arab States, particularly Egypt, which, since the revolution that threw out Farouk, has had hankering to build itself up to a dominant position in the Middle East.

And matters were not improved by the French supplying Mystere jets to Israel.

The Russian offer of arms was made some months ago, but Egypt did not accept it immediately.

Only when it failed as a bargaining counter to get more arms, and particularly jet aircraft, from Britain did Colonel Nasser turn to the Russians in earnest, placing with them an order for large supplies of arms, including jets, tanks and heavy artillery.

In the British view this development can only lead to an intended arms race between the Arab States and Israel, which may well lead to a renewal of the war.

And peace and stability in the Middle East form the key to British foreign policy.

The second reason for alarm is that, for the first time, there is a Russian incursion into Middle Eastern affairs.

"GOODWILL" MISSIONS

By deliberate policy the British Government has always tried to keep the Russians out of the area.

But now the Kremlin is making a strenuous attempt to establish its influence there.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Leo Falk and Phil Davis



EVEN MAGICIANS CAN'T BEAT CARLSBERG



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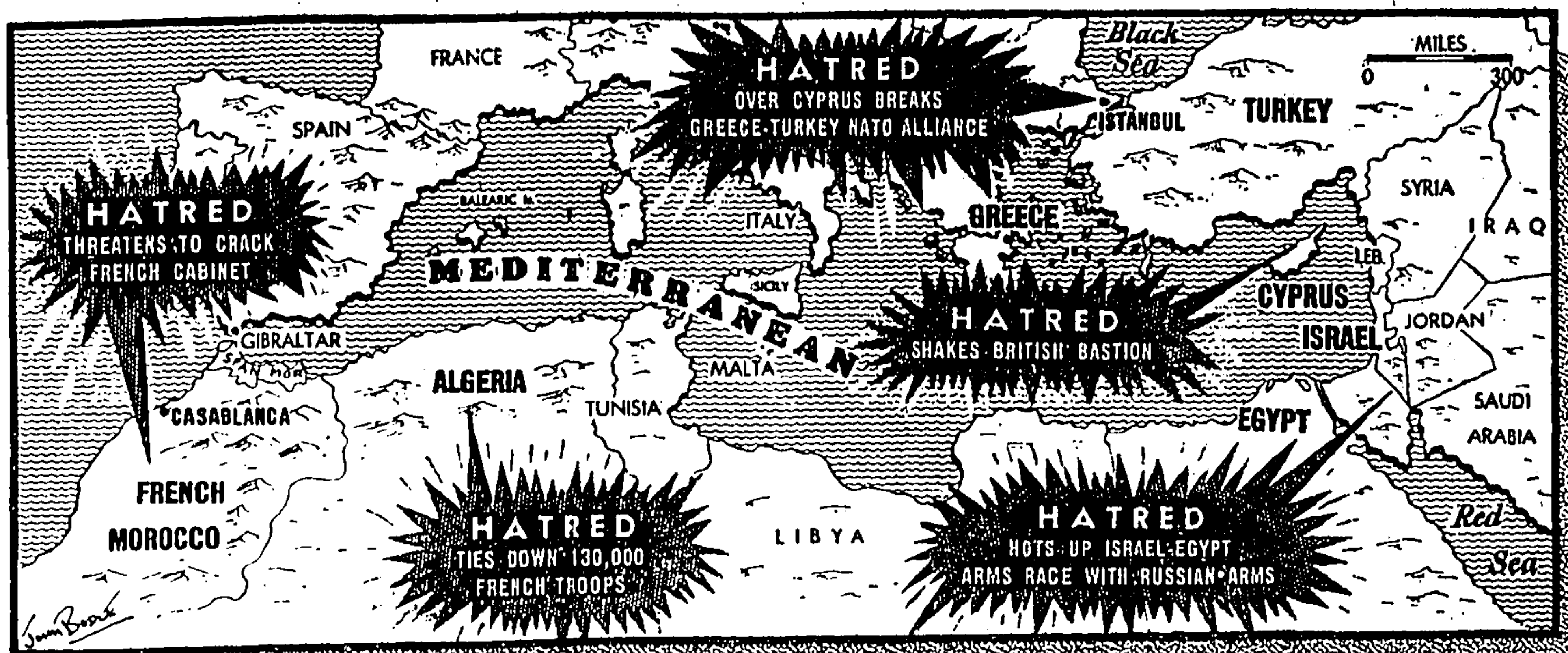
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THE SEA OF HATE

From one end of the Mediterranean to the other the situation is aflame
My mission: To get the facts and meanings by SEFTON DELMER



- To enable readers to understand fully the dangers of
- the most explosive "situation" in the world today, Sefton
- Delmer veteran Foreign Reporter, has begun a most urgent
- mission along the catastrophe-laden coasts of the Mediter-
- ranean. This is his first analysis, from—

BEFORE the meeting started she looked quite pretty and attractive. This slim, young Frenchwoman in a neat-and-white-striped frock and an elegant hair-do.

But now her face is flushed and distorted. Veins stand out in her neck, hot and angry. "Au poteau," she shrieks. "To the gallows with him, to the gallows."

From all around me in the crowd the same cry is being echoed: "To the gallows, to the gallows."

Who is it that these sedate and prosperous-looking citizens of Casablanca want to hang?

THE POLICE

THE leader of that hate and blood maddened gang to Moroccan tribesmen who placed a captured European mother on a saw-bench and sawed her in two? Or the Arab terrorist who two days ago threw a bomb into a crowded European store?

Not at this moment. No, it is two eminent Frenchmen they have in mind — Premier Faure, who has just obtained approval from the French Assembly for his self-government pact with Morocco's nationalist leaders, and his predecessor Mendes-France, who led the way with Tunis.

And, believe me, they mean it. If either of those two French statesmen presented himself to this crowd at this moment he would need a larger guard than those 30 lorries outside loaded with police to defend him. For one thing because the majority of policemen in Morocco feel the same way.

These white settlers of Morocco hate and distrust the French of their motherland almost as much as they hate and distrust the Moroccan nationalists.

THE DANGER

AND, in their turn, the Moroccans loathe the white intruders to the land of their fathers.

Yes, there is no getting away from it. This smiling city of Casablanca, with its green-lawned boulevard, gleaming white skyscrapers, and manicured Moroccan alleyways, has fallen one of the worst victims to the paralyzing epidemic of inter-racial and inter-communal fear and hate.

It is an epidemic which has infected not only the whole of Morocco but is raging throughout the whole area from Tangier to Cyprus and Tei-Aviv.

It has turned the once gay and happy Mediterranean into a surging, stormy sea of hate.

And the epidemic of nationalist anarchy and insurrection in this economically and strategically vital area is highly dangerous to you and me and to everyone else who depends for his bread and butter on the

peace and prosperity of the Western world.

It is as dangerous as the Kremlin's cold war at its worst and most threatening stage.

Indeed, I think it may well be part of the new Kremlin plan to call off more obvious campaigns of cold war pressure in Europe and replace them with a Khrushchev war of smiles and peace concessions in order to exploit all the more successfully the chaos and disruption caused by national rebellion in Africa and Asia.

That is why I am setting out to travel across the whole of French North Africa from Morocco to Tunis, and then on to Cyprus and Gaza. I plan to report to you fully, freely, and frankly what is going on in these troubled areas.

Well, you ask me, who, for a start, is behind the present rising in the difficult Rif mountain area on the frontier between the French and Spanish zones of Morocco?

HORRIFYING

THE answer is horrifying and shocking. It is Generalissimo Francisco Franco, dictator of Fascist, anti-Communist Spain.

The ex-ally of Hitler is the latest recruit to the American-armed and American-financed Western front in Europe.

France is lending his benevolent connivance to the anti-French, anti-Western fanatics sponsored by Cairo's dictator Gamal Abdel Nasser in training and arming the Moroccan rebel forces on Spanish territory to fight against the French.

Alas, there can be no doubt about it. You have only to join a military convoy as I did last week-end and take the mountain road up to Bouard, a little French fortress perched

on a bare, windswept, sun-bleached peak of the Rif mountains hard on to the Spanish frontier.

Captain Taddel, the young French officer in charge of the post, has all the information and all the proofs to convince the most hardened sceptic.

He has prisoners, he has captured Spanish arms and Spanish ammunition to prove the attack on his post, like that on the other French posts, was led and directed by a party of Moroccan commandos trained and equipped for the operations on the Spanish side of the frontier.

THE REBELS

ISPOKE to one of his prisoners, a local tribesman named Mohammed Bel Haj.

"Fifty commandos came across the frontier," said Mohammed, "and called on me and fellow-tribesmen to join them in the holy war against the French. They gave us 50 rifles and ammunition."

"They kept another 50 rifles for themselves. With them were many men of the Beni Amart tribe who had also come over the Spanish border."

Four thousand of these Moroccan rebel commandos have been trained during the last two years at three secret camps in Spanish territory—at Nador, Xauen, and Melilla.

Among these are men who served with the French in Indo-China, and it is these men from Indo-China, so the French believe, who have introduced Chinese guerrilla tactics to this war in the Rif.

The commandos for the last six weeks had been smuggling arms across the frontier and hiding them in special caches amid the mountains ready for their D-Day.

To me the most fascinating of Captain Taddel's possessions was the powerful pair of binoculars. Through these I was able to look right across the valley into the French fort of Bou Zineb, 10 miles away.

It forms an isolated French enclave in the Spanish zone, and is connected to French Morocco by only a narrow strip of French road running through Spanish territory.

I was able to make out quite clearly the black uniformed figure of the rebel commander storming over the white concrete walls of the fort. For Bou Zineb is in rebel hands.

A mob of 1,200 Moroccans captured it from the little garrison of French Moroccan troops headed by a French sergeant.

The French have so far not been able to recapture Bou Zineb in the same way they have either retaken or relieved all other posts seized by the rebels.

France's authorities in Morocco have let the French understand that they would take the greatest umbrage if the French forces violated Spanish territory either on the ground or in the air in a possible attempt to recapture Bou Zineb.

THE THREAT

WHAT causes General Franco to follow this amazing policy, which is not only endangering his own hold on Spanish Morocco but in clear conflict with the interests of his American allies?

For all the civil disorder in Morocco clearly constitutes a threat to the safety of the costly and important American naval and air bases here.

The answer is hate, hate, hate, plus a desire for revenge.

The Caudillo has never forgiven the French for the way, in the early postwar years after 1944, they permitted Spanish anti-Franco guerrillas, trained and equipped in France, to cross the Pyrenees and harass him in Spain.

Believe me, the Mediterranean is indeed a dangerous sea of hate.

(COPYRIGHT)

I'll never ask HER again



It's the bitterest phase in a party-giver's life. But wait a minute.... How do YOU rate as a guest?

Suppose your host's son has just been sent down from Oxford for idleness. You feel it's essential to avoid anything that might remind him of it. Keep off exams, dons, boats, dark blue, marmalade, accents, etc., etc. Useless. You will find that all roads lead to Oxford. Better be kind and say right away, "A university course is such a handicap nowadays."

Be greedy

I AGREE with the sage who said that "Men of great abilities are generally of a large and vigorous animal nature." My ideal guest must eat heartily. That does not mean he need scoop a massive bowl of asparagus, leaving four stalks between the remaining five guests. But it is better to err on the side of greed than of pecking and choosing.

THE PERFECT GUEST IN THE BASEMENT. If your hostess lives underground you can score high marks by exclaiming: "How gloriously light and airy! I can see you get all the morning sun!" Never mind if, in fact, no ray ever penetrates. Cave-dwellers have an infinite capacity for compliments.

THE GUEST IN THE ATTIC. Same technique, varied to suit locality. "What a heavenly view! I can never get enough chimney-pots. And stairs are the very best exercise...."

But almost certainly before you need to think up that second one, your hostess will have screamed: "Mind your head on that beam!" Lucky competitor in the Guest Stakes. Another opportunity for scoring heavily. "It didn't hurt a bit...." Two guests who will not fail to shed charm over castle or cottage: Mr. Hugh Galskell and Mr. Aidan Crawley.

The flop....

THE PERFECT DEPARTURE. Dr. Johnson held that whoever went to bed before 12 was a scoundrel. Without going that far (I'm a natural "early bedder" myself), I do mark down guests who rise to their feet at an obviously pre-ordained hour.

I can hear them saying to each other before they set off: "What's the earliest we can leave?—11.30, I suppose." If they go at precisely 11.30 I know my party is a flop. But departure at any odd hour—11.17 or 11.47—lets by. (COPYRIGHT)

ARE guests today pulling their weight? The answer must be No.

Look how they arrive at parties. Look how they behave. Consider that favourite opening gambit—"I hope I'm not too early?" How brutally it pinpoints the emptiness of the room, the unbrokenness of the ice. Or, again, the guest whose first words are "Can I make a telephone call?"

Not that the hearty, bustling guest is any more attractive. Confidently she takes possession of your hall, dumping her coat in the baby's pram, her umbrella in the dog's bowl, her cigarette end in the aquarium.

Upstairs, she advances with gliding, proprietary cries on your drawing-room wallpaper: "Oh what fun to find it here! I've just chosen the very same pattern—only I'm having it in the bathroom."

Barriers down

THE garrulous guest frightens me for a different reason. Her torrent of confidence acts like sympathetic magic. I feel bound to respond. By the end of the evening all barriers are down, all secrets betrayed.

Not garrulous, but undoubtedly a talker—that is my perfect guest. And for five best talkers I nominate:—

Sir Maurice Bowra, the most brilliant;

Mr. Douglas Woodruff, the wildest;

Lord David Cecil, the most generous;

Lady Pamela Berry, the most provocative;

Miss John Bejeman, the most invigorating.

by LADY PAKENHAM

The ideal guest is not deterred from talking shop. I'm all for shop. People talk best on the thing that concerns them most. Which would you rather? Hear a doctor on the Salk vaccine or on Elwes versus Annigoni?

Best shop-talkers: Mrs. Mary Adams, *fier shop*; Television.

How far should a conscientious guest prepare his conversation beforehand? No harm in doing a little "homework," if your host is at all distinguished. Find out about his achievements. But on no account come with a set piece of your own. If you succeed in dragging it in, you can be sure you will have killed all conversation around you in doing so. If you fail, you'll go away hating the whole evening.

Indignation

LORD CHESTERFIELD described the downfall of a guest who arrived with a "good story" about a gun. He tried all ways to turn the conversation on guns. In vain. At last, jumping out of his chair, he exclaimed, "I heard a gun fired!"

"Nonsense!" retorted his fellow guests, but "Never Mind," said he, "since we are talking of guns—"

His story was received, reports Lord Chesterfield, with great indignation.

A good guest neither tries to drag in particular subjects nor to keep off them. Dragging in is hard. Keeping off impossible.

PRISON WAS TIME IN PARADISE

From ROBIN STAFFORD

THE good times in gaol at Pont l'Eveque, little town near Deauville, were, of course, too good to last. For it was never quite the intention of the authorities in Paris that prisoners should go to the Deauville races; order food in their cells from a nearby restaurant; drink anything from aperitifs to liqueurs, and entertain their wives and girl friends in the cells.

Last week white-haired, jovial Fernand Billa, former chief warden of Pont l'Eveque prison and convicted gangster Georges Snudde, tall, dark and handsome, were required to explain it all before the local court.

But first, before a packed court, police gave a detailed

account of this prisoners' paradise where the administration, day passes, releases on bail and, in certain cases, discharges, was arranged by the prisoners themselves apparently to "save Billa the trouble."

The inmates—it would hardly be fair to call them prisoners—did their work very well. Accountancy, signatures and officials seals were child's play to men who had been in the habit of printing their money as they needed it.

From the official point of view things started slipping day passed, to the race at Pont l'Eveque prison early in 1950 when Billa

"appointed" a notorious embezzler, Jean Grainville, as prison chief clerk. From then on the prison gates were open most of the time to save warders the trouble of closing them. They were busy, anyway, serving breakfast in bed to some of the inmates. The early risers would stroll through town to the cafe for coffee, rolls and butter.

As time went on Grainville's organisation got more elaborate. With seven years to serve, he decided a rota holiday system would keep the men happier.

So some were issued with passes to the race course. Others went off to the Riviera for a week.

Others just went home to their families in Paris.

Admittedly, most came back: if they did not, they were officially described as "discharged" for "good behaviour" on the prison register.

But strange things were noted by outsiders, too. A lawyer who had seen his client sentenced to several years' gaol met him two days later at a dance in full evening dress.

And a well-known Paris jeweller, M. Van Cleef, was robbed by gangsters who should have been safe and sound behind Pont l'Eveque's bars.

Anyway, all good things come to an end. One day the government decided to close the prison, and when gendarmes came to transfer the prisoners to other gaols there was hardly anyone left.

In court Snudde was said to have had fifteen bottles of spirit delivered to him at the prison in one week.

"I gave Chief Warden Billa a glass of wine from time to time or maybe a leg of chicken—but never any money," he admitted modestly.

But the judge abruptly turned to the jovial warden: "You were drunk all the time. The day an inspector came, you could hardly speak. And you dived over all accountancy and resulting forgeries to the prisoners."

Now the ex-chief warden is not quite as comfortable as his former guests. He is serving three years in a more strictly gaol, Snudde, an extra four months. (COPYRIGHT)

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Is A Man's Glance Worth All This?

—Yes, If We're Honest...



London. A SLENDER ankle slips into view. A man's eye falls on it. And a love affair begins. It happens again in the screen's latest love story when Rossano Brazzi's first glimpse of Katharine Hepburn is a shapely ankle curled round a chair.

But it has been happening for centuries. And that may explain why girls today feel the way they do... about nylons.

Women have rebelled, campaigned, starved, queued, fought, and fainted for them. M.P.s have made speeches in Parliament about them.

Winston Churchill insisted on a top war priority for them, and even the long-suffering British nurses went on strike for them.

Ninety per cent of all stockings sold in Britain are nylon. Women spend £36,000,000 a year on them. They buy 146 million pairs from 50,000 shops.

Naturally there is a wide smile on the faces of the men who are handling this stupendous business.

Giving the customer what she wants means selling and reselling her the most fragile and expendable item of dress ever devised, for an annual turnover of £80,000,000.

"We are quite ready to make heavier, better-wearing nylons," said one of this happy band to me.

"Three pairs of service-weight crepe nylons would last a woman a year."

"But," he added cheerfully, "women won't buy them. They won't even buy a serviceable 30 denier."

"Our biggest sales are in the very fine 15 denier nylons, and we are being asked now to make them even finer."

THE BARE-LEGGED PRINCESS

Nevertheless, the makers know that they are in a buyer's market.

"One worry that keeps us awake night and day is that women will stop caring about nylons."

There's always the chance that women may cross the thin line between wearing stockings so fine that it looks as if they have no stockings, and simply wearing no stockings.

Especially when Princess Margaret, who can't care either way about the 15s, involved, so often goes dancing barelegged.

Among the new ideas this year to make sure that women do go on caring about nylons are:

Seamless nylons: The new fashion in America. So far they have never caught on here, perhaps because men are known to prefer the kind with seams.

London.

A SLENDER ankle slips into view. A man's eye falls on it. And a love affair begins.

It happens again in the screen's latest love story when Rossano Brazzi's first glimpse of Katharine Hepburn is a shapely ankle curled round a chair.

But it has been happening for centuries. And that may explain why girls today feel the way they do... about nylons.

Women have rebelled, campaigned, starved, queued, fought, and fainted for them. M.P.s have made speeches in Parliament about them.

Winston Churchill insisted on a top war priority for them, and even the long-suffering British nurses went on strike for them.

Ninety per cent of all stockings sold in Britain are nylon. Women spend £36,000,000 a year on them. They buy 146 million pairs from 50,000 shops.

Naturally there is a wide smile on the faces of the men who are handling this stupendous business.

Giving the customer what she wants means selling and reselling her the most fragile and expendable item of dress ever devised, for an annual turnover of £80,000,000.

"We are quite ready to make heavier, better-wearing nylons," said one of this happy band to me.

"Three pairs of service-weight crepe nylons would last a woman a year."

"But," he added cheerfully, "women won't buy them. They won't even buy a serviceable 30 denier."

"Our biggest sales are in the very fine 15 denier nylons, and we are being asked now to make them even finer."

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THE PICTURE THAT TELLS

The core of the success story of nylons is summed up in this picture of a pair of lovely legs (nylon clad, of course) capturing a man's glances.

The owner of this pair: model June Duncan.

I don't know what the Fijians call them.

The manufacturers, so anxious to please in other directions, take a calm, shoulder-shrugging view of this problem.

"While stockings are of knitted fabric they will always run," they explain.

Somehow, talking to them, I don't get the impression that they are going to stay awake at nights worrying about THAT.

COULD YOU HAVE GUESSED

THE best customers for nylons are office girls between the ages of 16 and 25.

It takes 40 minutes to make a pair of nylons, and four and a quarter miles of thread go into a machine which knit 16,000 stitches to the row.

All the machines come from America, and a machine to make 30 nylons at once costs £18,000.

A girl who goes dancing a lot will wear out a pair of nylons a night. But the average for the country is eight pairs a head every year.

— Anne Edwards

Laddered nylons are useless to anyone except old ladies who make rugs and rag dolls out of them, decorators who strain paint through them, and polo players.

"Jolly useful things these nylons," the Duke of Edinburgh remarked. "Do you know that lots of men are wearing them with the foot cut off under their riding boots?"

A well-lit nylon has 36 or more narrow lines or darts in the calf.

The arch enemies of nylon stockings are cigarette ash, stiff petticoats, rough skin or nails, rough edges of furniture, and exhaust fumes.

New names are given to colours every year (champagne, Capri Toulours, Sunstar), but 80 percent of all nylons sold are in the same three shades of beige: slightly blue, slightly red, or slightly brown.

Queen Elizabeth I was the first girl in England to wear silk stockings and they cost her (handknit) just about the same as nylons cost us—15s, a pair.

— Anne Edwards

Grey Hairs Win A Woman's Heart

By EILEEN ASCROFT

LATEST Italian heart-throb, Rossano Brazzi, in London for the launching of his film Summer Madness, is fortyish, and his dark, well-greased hair is touched with silver.

Years do not dim a man's sex appeal as long as he keeps his hair. Some of the most popular male pin-ups today are quinquagenarians. Among them, professional ho-men like Gary Cooper and Clark Gable, tough guys like Humphrey Bogart and James Cagney, and charming dilettantes like Henry Fonda, Cary Grant and Fred Astaire.

SECRET APPEAL THIS idolisation of the middle-aged does not just apply to the stage and film world. It's the same in public life.

Archimologist Sir Mortimer Wheeler, who ranks near the top with most women TV viewers, is 65 and has a shock of iron-grey curls.

Conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent is 60 and greying round the edges. So are political pin-ups: Prime Minister Anthony Eden (68) and Sir Harold Shawcross (53).

What is the secret appeal of these ageing charmers for women of all ages? I asked a girl of 18 and she said: "I like their air of experience." I asked a young woman of 25 and she said: "They make a woman feel she really matters."

I asked a woman of 39 and she said: "They're the only ones with charm and good manners." I asked a woman of over 60 and she said: "Some are contemporaries of mine and they make me feel younger, too."

A TEST

HOW do you recognise the much-married father of too many children in a crowd? A young father, Peter Duncan, answers the question in an amusing book written jointly with his wife, Sylvia.

"He has a greased air," says Mr Duncan, "because he knows there will be no peace when he gets home from the office." And he adds this ominous warning: "That new job may go to a rival who can afford to dress better and whose wife has not forgotten to take his suit to the cleaners because the baby was dreadful."

There are, however, many compensations for the family man. Families should be enjoyed, is Mr Duncan's motto, then you shed that greased air. They're also expensive. "Make out a budget and live 20 per cent below what you think you can afford," is his advice to the new family man, "then you might break even."

But he adds this promise to sweeten the pill: "If it means a lot to be a better parent."

9d. Published by Evans.

IRATE BACHELORS GIVE LIST OF PET PEEVES

By JEANNE D'ARCY

WHEN a man comments about women, you can be sure he knows what he's talking about. The stronger sex spends much of its life engaged in serious (if not

scientific) observation and research on women.

With this in mind, we consulted several bachelors who, because of their interest in the

subject, rate as experts. We asked them what their ideal beauty was like. It added up to a composite of Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell and Marlene Dietrich.

Try and find her! Then we asked if they had any pet peeves; if there were any special things they'd noted that detracted from a girl's appearance. They came up with a sizable list. So, if you're trying to snag some unsuspecting male, better go over the following points carefully.

Crooked stocking seams and rundown heels were a phobia with one bachelor. Another objected to slips that show.

"They look sloppy," he said, and so they do.

★ Girls who powder their noses in public, spreading a fine mist of powder over themselves and their escorts, also are irritating to the gent.

And, as a man, they all voted the girl whose lipstick leaves a big, smelly imprint on her cup or drinking glass.

They also objected to untidy handbags.

"The things women carry around in those suitcase!" commented an irate male. "And they never can find anything! It's no wonder."

Chipped nail polish annoyed them, too.

It was better to wear none than to have polish that's chipped, observed one bachelor.

Collars that aren't as white as they might be, crumpled ties (and as far as men are concerned they all are), too-light dresses (fine for Grable, but not the average girl), and hair that looks as if it were combed by an electrician were also on their pet-peeve list.

If you're interested in what men think of women's appearance, and make a list of these things, you'll find

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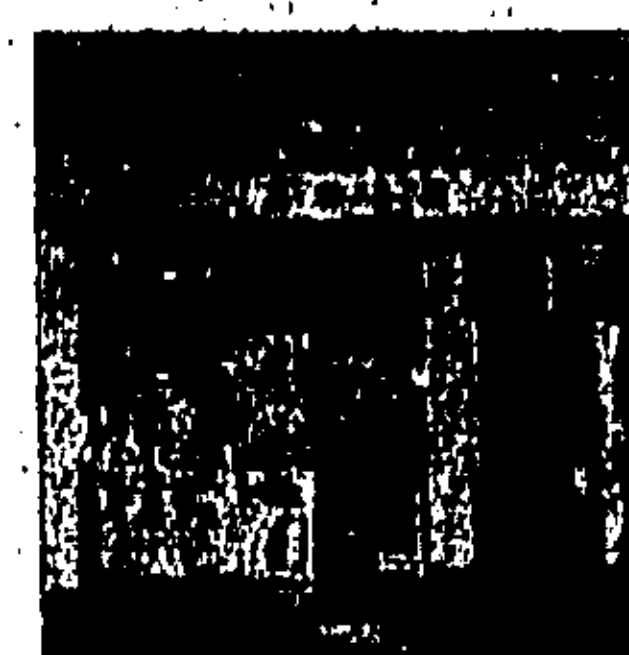
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FASHION CONSULTANT SAYS:

A Best-Dressed Woman Can Never Relax...

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. HAVE you ever been in a dilemma—wished there was someone who could advise you on what hat to wear to go-and-so's wedding? Or someone who could plan a new outfit for you? If you have, forget your worries, for there's help on the way.

For, newly established as a fashion consultant is Mrs Anne Lambton, who was chosen as one of the year's best-dressed women. Fashion consultant—a term that sounds American but is not—means that, through a personal interview, or by a questionnaire through the post, Mrs Lambton will plan your wardrobe for you. She will do it for any part of the world, or for any occasion.

"The majority of my clients are women who have lost confidence in themselves, feel they are losing their looks, or have been out of the swim and want to get back in," she said. "I find that most of them fall into one of two groups: they are either the suit type or

the dress type. They usually have far too many clothes. You can really manage on very few clothes, provided they interchange."

Mrs Lambton herself has travelled a good deal—America, South Africa, Europe, Malta, Australia—feels she knows the climate and way of life abroad sufficiently well to advise people planning a wardrobe for a trip abroad, or conversely, trans-forming a tropical wardrobe to suit an English climate.

She has also compiled a file of general information to answer other queries. This takes in beauty problems, hair-styles, foundation, garments, etiquette, colour schemes. There are also lists of dressmakers, knitters and pattern cutters who cut dress patterns to an individual's shape.

"Fall, slim, with brunette hair and a willowy figure," Mrs Lambton looks as though fashion problems have never bothered her. (You get the impression they wouldn't dare to.) But she says she is too busy and that she can't wear stilettos, for instance, because they make her

"look scrappy." So she usually wears dresses. This is where her personal plan comes in.

"I plan my wardrobe around two day dresses, one coat to go with them, and two evening outfits. One day dress is in a basic colour, usually black, and quite simple; the other, up to the fashion, might be white wool." For evening she chooses what she calls a "combination job". (A strapless black dress with a cover-up top which can be worn at the office, too) and a full length evening outfit.

Week-end and holiday clothes are a separate item. She buys them—sweaters, shirts, casual shoes—whenever she holidays abroad. They are usually cheaper and often more imaginatively styled.

Being a "best-dressed woman" may be a little other-worldly, but Mrs Lambton has to point out its snags. The feeling that you have to keep up appearances all the time; that once you have been marked as "well-dressed" you are branded for life.

Some may like to be branded in this way, but it means you can never relax, she says.

"You can never tie an old scarf round your head, put on your oldest coat and go out on a shopping trip. My partner is always worried in case I appear with a ladder in my stocking; she's afraid one of our clients might see me," she said.

She also passes on a tip for relaxing tension if you find yourself overworking. With that new job, with running a flat in town and a house in the country where her husband farms, her hands are full. When there's too much to do in too little time, and things get on her nerves, she takes up her pet point embroidery. Delicate cushion and chair covers have resulted from it.

Ventures like becoming a fashion consultant are always a gamble. They may succeed or they may fail. Mrs Lambton has found one drawback so far. Clients don't recommend her to friends. "Waiting a professional fashion adviser is like waiting for a fortune teller," she says. "You don't want to tell your friends that you've consulted a fortune teller."

But she says she is too busy and that she can't wear stilettos, for instance, because they make her



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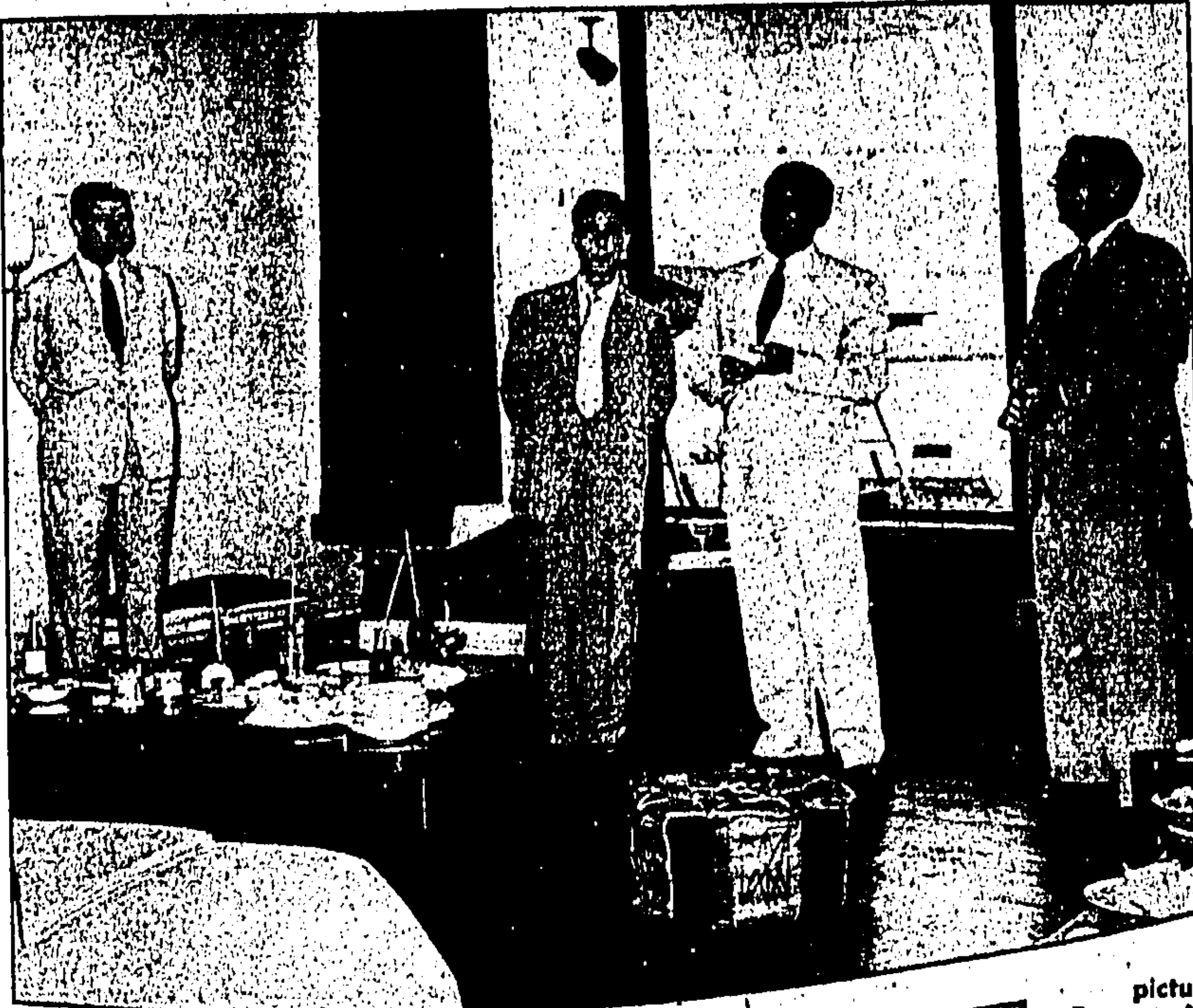
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MR Thomas E. Dowey, (right) former Governor of New York and one of the best known public figures in America, met by Mr Everett F. Drumright, United States Consul-General, on his arrival here last Tuesday. Mr Dowey is on a world tour. Since President Eisenhower's illness, his name has jumped into the political spotlight again. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr A. G. Crook, Acting Postmaster-General (second from right), speaking after the opening of the new Shatin Post Office. Others in picture are, from left, Mr K. M. A. Barnett, Mr Y. M. Chang and Mr D. C. Bray. (Staff Photographer)



SLIDES were shown by Dr John Poldy to illustrate his talk on Athens and Rome at the YWCA on Tuesday. Some beautiful and impressive views were shown of the two oldest cities in the Western world. (Staff Photographer)

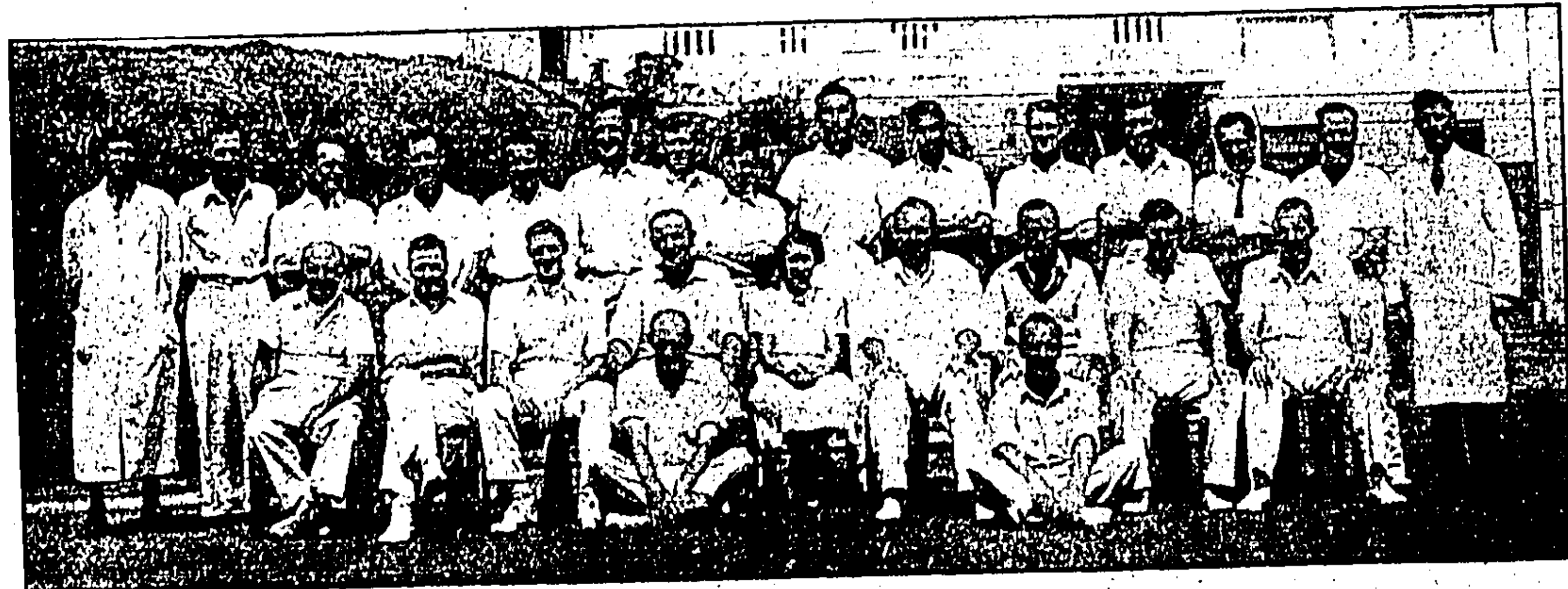


LEFT: Mr F. Wong, Mr Robert Clarke and Dr Richard Weigle at the American University Club dinner last week. Dr Weigle, who is President of St John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, gave a talk. (Staff Photographer)

LADY Rama Rau, Chairman of the International Planned Parenthood Federation, addressing a public meeting at the Gloucester Hotel. Others seen are Mrs A. B. Wadia, Mrs Leo Hah-hong and Prof. Gordon King. Lady Rama Rau is on her way to Tokyo to attend a conference. (Staff Photographer)



A party was held at the Wah Yan College on Monday in honour of the Rev. Fr. R. W. Gallagher to celebrate his golden jubilee in the priesthood. Fr. Gallagher receiving the congratulations of Mr Allan H. C. Li. (Staff Photographer)



HONGKONG Cricket Club and Kowloon Cricket Club players who took part in last week-end's two-day match for the Hancock Shield. KCC retained the trophy. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Lt-Col O. F. Newton Dunn, Acting Commandant of the Royal Hong Kong Defence Force, chatting with Col and Mrs J. A. Dawson at the annual Defence Force officers' dinner dance at the Repulse Bay Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



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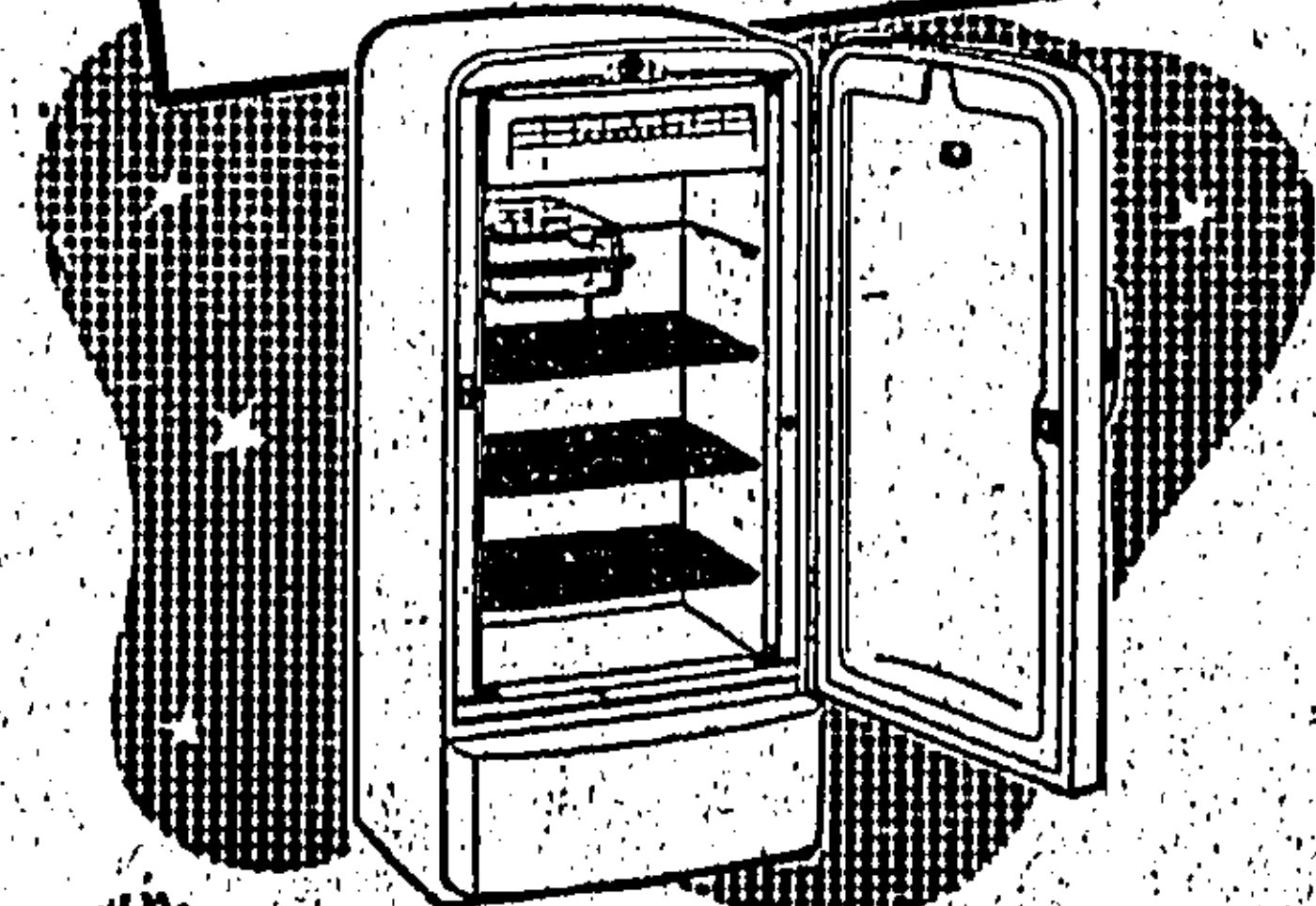
BELOW: Mr Roy Thompson (centre), managing director of The Scotsman, one of the leading newspapers in the United Kingdom, met on arrival at Kai Tak on Thursday by Mr T. R. G. Fletcher, Canadian Government Trade Commissioner, and Mr Solomon Rafeak. (Staff Photographer)



LADY SUGDEN, wife of the Commander, British Forces, opened the new maternity wing at the British Military Hospital, Bowen Road, on Wednesday. Accompanied by the Director of Medical and Health Services of the Hongkong Government, Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo, and Service officers, she is shown above inspecting the new wing. (Staff Photographer)

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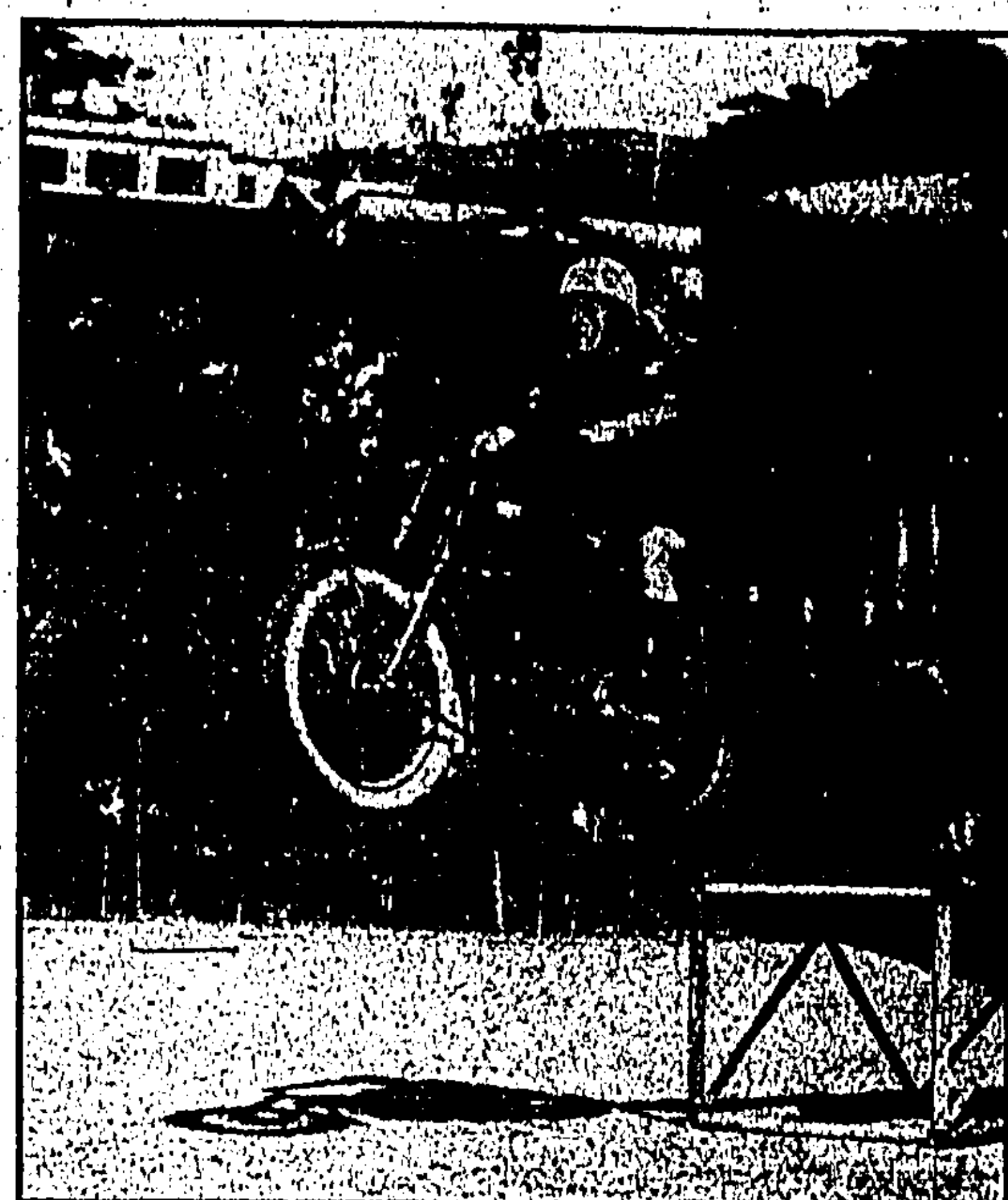
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HONEYMOONING in Hongkong this week were Mr William D. Miller, United Press bureau manager in Formosa, and his pretty bride, formerly Miss Judy Pan. She is a popular Civil Air Transport stewardess. They are making their home in Taipei.



MRS O. Skinner distributing prizes to winners at the conclusion of the whist-mahjong drive organised by Mrs J. Showan and held at her Peak home. It was in aid of the Mission to Lepers, Hay Ling Chau. Top left: Mrs G. Collis receiving the first prize for mahjong. Lower left: Mrs R. Winter, first prize for canasta. Above: Mrs Joan Rishovd, first prize for bridge. (Staff Photographer)



ONE of the Army's trick motorcyclists leaps into the air at the rehearsal of the British Forces Tattoo, to be held at Caroline Hill on November 3, 4 and 5. (Staff Photographer)



MR K. S. Lo (right), newly elected Chairman of the Aberdeen Kaifong Welfare Association, receiving the seals of office from Mr K. L. Leo, outgoing Chairman, at the handing over party last week. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Scenes at the official opening of St John's College, University of Hongkong. Pictures show Sir Kenneth Grubb, President of the Church Missionary Society, addressing the gathering and (inset) taking tea with His Excellency the Governor and Chancellor of the University, Sir Alexander Grantham. (Staff Photographer)



EAGER buyers at one of the stalls at the Kowloon Girl Guides Division fun fair and bazaar held recently. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Friends of little Carlos Manuel de Luz, Jr., at his birthday party. Carlos is the son of Mr and Mrs C. M. de Luz. (Now Standard)

LEFT: Buying a flag for charity. A young lady helping the cause of the Tung Wah Hospitals at the Kowloon ferry circus early last Saturday morning. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The Kung Kee team, winners of the mini-soccer knockout tournament, with the Coca Cola Bottlers Trophy. Mrs A. P. Henningson, who presented the trophy, is seen with the team. (Staff Photographer)

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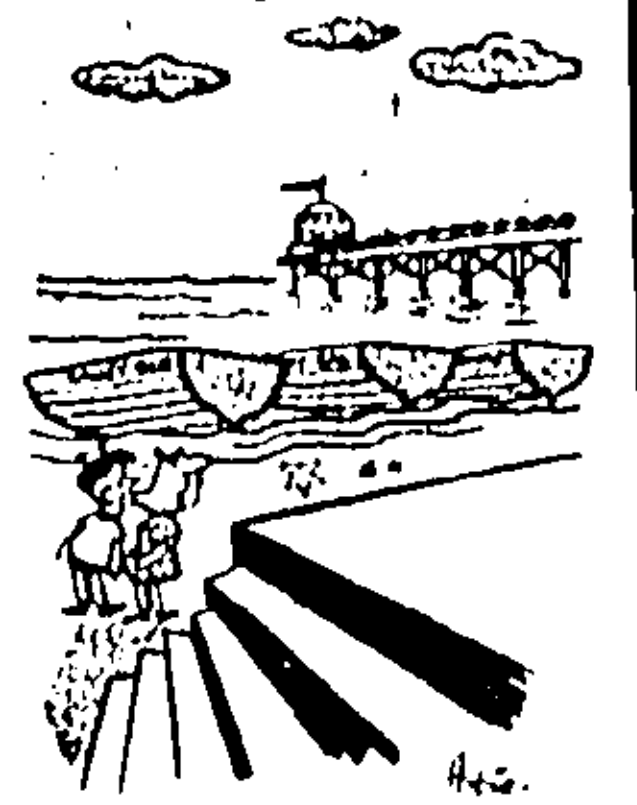
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... by Artie

"Come on, make up your mind which boat you want to take, Rita Hayworth!"

Mr Lewis finds Faith

—on a trip to the Zoo

by George Malcolm Thomson



SURPRISED BY JOY. By C. S. Lewis. Geoffrey Bles. 15s. 224 pages.

FOR Professor Clive Staples Lewis (Medieval and Renaissance English, Cambridge) there is no doubt what is the most important event in his life of 57 years. It occurs on page 223 of his 25th book where he writes, "I was driven to Whipsnade one sunny morning. When we

set out I did not believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and when we reached the zoo, I did."

Lewis, aged 31, had reached the zoo by easy stages.

For some time before conversion, he had been uneasy about his atheism, although it agreed admirably with his dislike of ritual, ecclesiastical and church-going. Looking back on it now, he pokes easy fun at his own pompous patronage of "the Christian myth."

'I GAVE IN'

He began to talk airily about the Absolute, then of "God," distinguished sharply from "the God of popular religion."

Thus he was led, struggling and kicking, to the moment he recounts thus: "In the Trinity Term of 1929 I gave in, and admitted that God was God, and I ceased to be a rebel and prayed." In his room in Magdalen, from this it was only another long step to the zoo.

To the zoo and what came after, when C. S. Lewis, erudite tutor in literature, became an immensely popular Christian dialectician, capable of making theology entertaining (see The Screwtape Letters, in which Christian faith and morals are ingeniously presented through the eyes of a minor devil). The professional theologians despised; the public read.

BACHELOR DON

Some may have been converted; many more were constrained to admit that, in the ruddy-faced, pipe-smoking, tweedy bachelor don, with the traces of Belfast accent, English Christianity had found an astute new champion.

He preached in Oxford, the greatest pulpit "draw" since Newman, it was said. His arguments were cogent, as that of a Triple First should be,

sincere and emotional. Once in Magdalen College Chapel, Lewis moved himself so much that he had to leave the pulpit for a little to recover.

Backed by eleven heads of colleges, he was beaten in 1951 by Cecil Day Lewis for the Oxford Chair of Poetry; it was his only academic setback.

Many readers of Surprised by Joy will regret that Lewis decided, at some stage in writing it, to tell the story of his life as a preparation for his conversion. For he has gift for ordinary mundane autobiography. His picture of his school Wyvern (Lewis was for a year) during a bad phase in its history, is admirably and frankly done.

He paints an affectionate but candid portrait of his father, a Belfast solicitor with a declamatory manner, who, having sent his sons to a public school, was disquieted when two public schoolboys were duly returned to him.

BEST PORTRAIT

Best portrait of all is that of "Kirk" (Dr Kirkpatrick), the ex-Presbyterian, ex-schoolmaster who prepared Lewis for Oxford a few minutes after meeting him at Bookham Station. Lewis, making conversation, said he was surprised by the scenery of Surrey, so much "wilder" than he expected.

"Stop!" shouted Kirk, "what do you mean by wildness and what grounds had you for not expecting it?" It was an introduction to a discipline in logic which lasted all through Lewis's stay with his terrifying but brilliant tutor.

Once Mrs Kirkpatrick invited seven friends in for bridge; by some error her husband found his way into the drawing-room.

Hours later he was discovered sitting on a stool in the midst of seven elderly ladies begging them to clarify their terms.

There was only one flaw in Kirk's logical Rationalism. He

spent Sundays as he spent weekdays, working in his garden. But on Sundays he gardened in a slightly more respectable suit, Presbyterianism dies hard.

From Kirk, Lewis passed on to Oxford, to the 1914-18 war, where he "took" 60 German prisoners ("that is, discovered to my great relief that the world of field-grey figures, who suddenly appeared from nowhere, all had their hands up"); to the philosophical preoccupations which made him "the most dejected and reluctant convert in all England"; to Lewis's sacrifice of his life-story in order to describe the pilgrimage of one who is still "surprised he did not become a Lenin. Atheist, satiric intellectual of the type we all know."

THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT, by Jim Bishop. Woidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s. 264 pages.

HOOR-BY-HOOR account of Good Friday, April 4, 1885—and all that happened in Washington relating to the President's assassination. Workmanlike job of historical reporting.

SHAKA ZULU, by E. A. Ritter. Longmans. 21s. 383 pages.

BLACK Napoleon who in 18 years conquered and pacified an area in Africa larger than Europe. Full-length portrait of a great savage.

ROUGH WINDS OF MAY, by Nancy Hallinan. Collancz. 15s. 414 pages.

NATURAL-BORN novelist presents her first work: a story of young love set in London. Notable in particular for a convincing portrait of a painter-of-genius. Real achievement, more promise.

A ROSE FOR WINTER, by Laurie Lee. Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d. 160 pages.

AN English poet's journey through Spain, accompanied by a pretty woman. He has a poet's eye for Spain. The Spaniards have Spaniards' eyes for his companion.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

RAIN OF MONEY

A fine autumn rain began to fall last week on the village of Talissieu in the Ain department of southeast France—a rain of £60,000 in good British money.

Mention Britain to any of the 355 inhabitants and they volunteer "Glorious country! Noble people!" In Talissieu's one cafe there's a constant clinking of glasses as the white wine toasts are raised "Vive l'Angleterre! Bravo for the Bank of England."

For the villagers have just won a three-year tussle for a fortune left to them by Mrs Louise Allen of Muswell Hill, North London.

Mrs Allen died in 1952, leaving £60,000 of her £250,000 estate to the village where she spent her girlhood. When the Mayor, 62-year-old Paul Mounet, received the news, he called the village municipal councilors together.

The village was dying on its feet. The young people were deserting it. The land was going sour for lack of care; those who stayed behind were living in misery—and the village treasury was empty. "This legacy is going to save us," Mounet told the councilors.

But exchange rules barred transfer of the money. Other legal snags crupped up. "To the devil with all the banking rules," Mounet said. "I'm going to get that cash."

He left his bankers' shop travelled to Paris, consulted bankers, international lawyers, exchange experts. He read up the law and regulations himself—and found a way that the bank agreed to accept.

So last week Mr H.J.F. Wilson, British bank envoy, walked into Talissieu handing out envelopes of money to the village poor. It was the first instalment on Mrs Allen's £60,000.

Mr Wilson told the villagers that he'd be calling on them with more about Christmas-time and regularly after that.

Now, with fresh plans for turning their village into a bright model place, the people of Talissieu are looking forward to a rainy new era.

PALACE FACELIFT

A light brown tarpaulin is draped over the balcony of 250-year-old Buckingham Palace. On the spot where the Royal Family step out to greet the people on great occasions, stand three workmen in blue overalls, shirt-sleeves rolled up. From the courtyard below they are hauling up wooden cradles on ropes.

Men are clearing up after cleaning the front of the Palace. This has taken just over

a month. Nothing more drastic than scrubbing brushes and cold water has been used. But the effect is startling.

The former dark facade has vanished. In its place is gleaming whiteness. The Royal Arms stand out with new clarity. Pediments, porticos and pillars appear with unfamiliar freshness.

The Palace was last cleaned only in the 1930's. It has taken less than a quarter of a century for the building to become crusted with grime. There can be few more striking demonstrations of the poisonous smoke of the London atmosphere.

KING OF TRAMPS

Andre Billaud, 51, a Frenchman from Bordeaux, claims to be the king of tramps. In 30 years he has walked 125,000 miles, visited five continents, been the guest of exotic royalties and spent thousands of nights in haystack and beneath hedges.

He was in Vienna the other day. He had just walked from Germany and was making his way through the Iron Curtain for the Balkans—via Hungary and Rumania.

The colourful beg book he keeps of his wanderings, with its hundreds of official stamps and signatures—including that of the Mayor of Moscow—is his passport, which has never yet failed him. And he is sure that it will get him across the Iron Curtain as it has got him across every other frontier, including the Egyptian-Israeli border at the time when those two nations were at war.

"I started tramping in 1912 when I was 15. It has got into my blood, and I consider my life well spent on the roads of the world. In four years' time I expect to have completed 200,000 kilometres (130,000 miles) and then I shall probably retire. A small house with a vineyard near Bordeaux."

What is he going to live on? "An Australian millionaire, William Johnson, has promised me £7,000 or a life pension sufficient for my needs if I manage the 200,000 kilometres," he replied. "I think I'll take the pension."

Sunburnt and wiry, Andre looks good for a good many years yet. He was wearing a pair of corduroy trousers, a rough, worn tweed jacket and a pair of stout boots.

"You must get through quite a few of those," someone said, pointing to the boots.

"I have worn out more than 60 pairs in my travels," he replied. "But they cost me

nothing. Whenever I have worn out a pair, I get a new one from a Paris firm—as long as I return the old ones. What for? They use them for advertising purposes."

MAU MAU GIRL ROWS

Girl friend troupe of Mau Mau's two top gang-leaders in goal. General Nyagua, closest lieutenant of Dedan Kimathi, the dairy clerk turned bandit king, was captured by loyal Kikuyu while rying out new women companions for his chief.

General Kahinga Wachanga, No. 1 hatchet man for rival guerrilla leader Stanley Mathenge, shot dead his 10-man gang and surrendered to the Gloucesters.

Jealousy over women has now halved the four-map hierarchy ruling Kenya's terrorists.

The original split occurred two years ago when 34-year-old Kimathi discarded Mathenge's sister.

Furious, the concealed Mathenge, 45, left the Mau Mau Army command, led his 800-man gang into another part of the Aberdare Mountains to operate on his own.

When the second series of surrender talks were started early this year, Wachanga was spokesman for the Mau Mau delegation in the forest glade where Government officers and terrorist leaders met. He had the blessing of Mathenge, who was eager to surrender.

But the talks came to nothing when Kimathi heard of them and slaughtered some of Mathenge's men. Wachanga then had a row with Mathenge over his youngest sister and was reduced to a 10-man command.

Nyagua, who once commanded 250 men, was Kimathi's bright guerrilla boy, promptly offered when captured, to lead the security forces to Kimathi's hide-out. A special task force set out but found nothing in the jungle diabolical lair except dirty clothes.

Kimathi and Mathenge—both based within a day's jungle march from each other—are left without their favourite second-in-command.

Their starving gangs are reduced to boiling young bamboo shoots for food. Both men are wary and suspicious of each other. They quarrel over their women.

WHY WOMEN OVEREAT

Many women overeat for emotional reasons, writes Mr J.B. Oldham, honorary surgeon to the Queen, in the journal of the British Dietetic Association.

"The simple fact is that they find solace in scones, chocolates and cream cakes for the same reasons that drive their husbands to seek relief in the bottle," he writes.

He asserts that poor people who overeat are likely to get fatter than rich people who overeat.

The reason is that the poor person has more carbohydrate in his food. It has also been suggested, says Mr Oldham, that children of poor families with bad manners get the overeating habit for the rest of their lives through having to grab for food when young.

In nearly all cases of excessive eating the reason is simple—overeating, he states.

SERMON SNORERS

The congregation at Chesham Bois (Bucks) parish church can now listen to the Sunday evening sermon without embarrassment. For The Snorer has been found.

The parish magazine reports: Members of the congregation who sit in the back half of the church have come under a cloud; for every Sunday evening a rhythmic stertorous sound as of someone sleeping has been heard regularly during the sermon.

This has caused everybody to regard everybody else with suspicion.

But the culprit—or rather the culprits, for they are a complete family—have been found, and will be dealt with.

The wire netting to the trefoil-headed altar-vault under the west gable of the church has broken away, and a small community of jackdaws has taken up residence between the roof and the wooden ceiling of the nave.

Lulled by the sound of the bells every Sunday, they regularly settle down here and by sermon-time are sleeping contentedly but noisily.

APPLE TEST

To test the theory that "an apple a day keeps the dentist away," the Liverpool School of Dentistry is carrying out a two to three years' experiment on local school children.

Some will be given an apple after meals and others will not. Then the children will be examined to see if the apple has any beneficial effect on their teeth.

A National Farmers' Union spokesman says that Queen's apple growers from Kent and the other fruit-growing counties have contributed over £600, sufficient to ensure that the experiment can be carried out for the first year.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Home At Last

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE STORY OF THE TRIP — INCH BY INCH.



"AND I'VE HEARD ALL I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT TRAVEL BEING BROADENING!"

IT'S A MISTAKE FOR A GIRL TO TELL HER HOMETOWN BOYFRIEND ABOUT THOSE CHARMING EUROPEAN MEN—ESPECIALLY WHEN SUPPLEMENTED BY AN ALBUM OF PICTURES.

COPY, 1955 BY GENERAL FEATURES CORP. THE WORLD RIGHTS RESERVED.



IT'S A JOY TO BE HOME AND CATCH UP ON ALL THE LOCAL GOSSIP AND SCANDAL.



"HE WAS OUR GUIDE IN SWITZERLAND AND HE WAS JUST THE CUTEST..."

"—AND I WAS AS CLOSE TO HIM AS I AM TO YOU!"

TO HEAR SOME OF THEM TELL IT, THEY SPENT THEIR ENTIRE VACATION SURROUNDED BY CELEBRITIES.



THE DOORS AND WINDOWS SHOULD BE OPEN WHEN THE YOUNG NATURALIST UNPACKS—STARFISH DON'T LAST FOREVER, Y'KNOW.



DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU SICK WHEN YOU ARE ALL SET TO TELL ABOUT YOUR TRIP AND SOME BORE HAS TO BEGIN AND TELL ALL ABOUT HIS?

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

Hit Tune Poll Offers Cash Prizes

UNITED NATIONS DAY FEATURE ON MONDAY

Name the three top-tunes of the week, in their correct order, and win \$30! That is the offer to be made to popular music fans each week by "Jean" in her new programme "Popularity Poll".

All you have to do is to write on a postcard the titles of the three tunes you think will have proved most popular with listeners during the week and mail your entry to reach Radio Hong-kong not later than Wednesday of each week.

Then on Friday evenings at 6.30, starting next Friday, October 28, "Jean" will take the air to broadcast the top ten tunes of the week, and pollsters will know whether or not they have been successful in naming the first three—in their correct order of course.

If more than one person sends in the right answer, the prize money will be divided; but if no one is successful the money will snowball to swell the prize for the following week.

All entries should be addressed to "Popularity Poll", Radio Hongkong, P.O. Box 200, and "Jean" would prefer them to be on post cards rather than in letters so as to make the task of counting and checking easier.

UNITED NATIONS DAY

United Nations Day this year marks the 10th anniversary of this great international organization and to celebrate the occasion Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting "The Charter in the Sauer" on Monday evening at 9 p.m.

The story, a fantasy by the famous American radio writer Norman Corwin, deals with the adventures of a Martian whose flying saucer lands in the sea near a United Nations weather ship.

While circling above the earth, the Martian has heard so much English on the radio that he has managed to learn the language.

He was particularly interested in a reading he heard of the Preamble to the United Nations Charter, setting out the presumptive rights of man.

Starring Laurence Olivier, "The Charter in the Sauer" was produced in London for the United Nations radio by Laurence Gilliam. It has a specially composed musical score written and conducted by Walter Goehr.

"THIS WEEK"

Interesting personalities in town this week included Lady Rama Rau, who is Chairman of the International Planned Parenthood Federation and President of the Family Planning Association of India.

She was interviewed at the airport by Aileen Dekker. There also arrived a musician in the shape of Mr. David Bowen, and we persuaded him to say a little about his music, his job, and also to sing us a song.

With plans for the Air Display completed, the producer of "This Week" invited some of the pilots taking part to come in and talk about their job; and finally, the owner of one of the finest newspapers in the world, "The Scotsman", is interviewed by David Lytle. "This Week" will be on the air at 7.30 this evening.

"ASIA ON THE AIR"

On Tuesday evening, the Far Eastern Service of the BBC is broadcasting the first of a new series of monthly programmes, "Asia on the Air". The programme will take the form of a symposium of outstanding items recently broadcast by the leading radio stations of South and South-East Asia and the Far East.

In this way it is hoped that Asian listeners will be given a deeper insight into the cultural wealth and diversity of their continent, their common problems, and the methods by which these are being tackled.

Hongkong's contribution to the programme is Tony Arovallo's composition, "Hongkong Summer", which was written for the World Festival of Jazz. "Asia on the Air" can be heard at half past ten on Tuesday evening.

RECITAL

Two pianists who need no introduction in local musical circles—George Parks and Isold

sung by the cast of the Broadway production. Orch. cond. by Ray Charles.

10.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. WEATHER REPORT. 10.10 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS. 10.15 JAZZ (LONDON RELAY). 11.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. CLOSURE DOWN.

Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

10.15 MORNING MELODY.

10.30 RELAY OF THE SERVICE FROM THE UNION CHURCH, KENNEDY ROAD. Preacher: The Rev. J. M. Stevenson.

11.30 MORNING FROM.

Op. 21 (Berlioz): Menuet Des Follets (Korsakoff). Op. 21 (Berlioz): Menuet Des Follets (Korsakoff). Op. 21 (Berlioz): Menuet Des Follets (Korsakoff).

12.30 p.m. STUDIO: SPORTS TIME. PROGRAMME SUMMARY, ACADEMY AWARD SONG.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

JAN AUGUST (PIANO) WITH

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.

Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44 (Schumann): The Cuckoo (Schumann).

2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

2.10 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 19.

2.30 CONCERT.

2.40 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.00 TIME SIGNAL.

3.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.

Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44 (Schumann): The Cuckoo (Schumann).

4.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

4.10 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 19.

4.30 CONCERT.

4.40 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

5.00 TIME SIGNAL.

5.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

5.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.

Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44 (Schumann): The Cuckoo (Schumann).

6.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

6.10 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 19.

6.30 CONCERT.

6.40 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL.

7.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

7.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.

Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44 (Schumann): The Cuckoo (Schumann).

8.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

8.10 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 19.

8.30 CONCERT.

8.40 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL.

9.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

9.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.

Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44 (Schumann): The Cuckoo (Schumann).

10.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

10.10 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 19.

10.30 CONCERT.

10.40 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL.

11.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.

Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44 (Schumann): The Cuckoo (Schumann).

12.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

12.10 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 19.

12.30 CONCERT.

12.40 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.

Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44 (Schumann): The Cuckoo (Schumann).

2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

2.10 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 19.

2.30 CONCERT.

2.40 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.00 TIME SIGNAL.

3.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.

Quintet in E flat major, Op. 44 (Schumann): The Cuckoo (Schumann).

4.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

4.10 JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 19.

Heapest of last Thursday's broadcast.

1.30 STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS.

Presented by Brenda.

4.30 TO YOU FROM WALES.

From Merby Tydd.

4.45 "CAPTAIN FROM CASTLE".

Musical from the film played by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Alceo Gallera.

5.30 PERDINAND LOPEZ.

Adapted from the novel "The Prime Minister" by Anthony Trollope.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE SUNDAY CONCERT.

1.00 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

1.15 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

1.30 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

1.45 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

2.00 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

2.15 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

2.30 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

2.45 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

3.00 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

3.15 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

3.30 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

3.45 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

4.00 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

4.15 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

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4.30 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

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Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

7.30 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

7.45 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

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Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

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10.00 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

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10.30 "The National Gallery Orchestra" conducted by Richard Bailes.

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 (Brahms): Edward Van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

1.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.

1.05 LIGHT MUSIC.

1.10 NEWS SUMMARY.

1.15 TOP OF THE MORN.

1.20 WEATHER REPORT.

1.25 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 TIME SIGNAL.

1.35 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.40 TIME SIGNAL.

1.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.50 TIME SIGNAL.

1.55 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.00 TIME SIGNAL.

2.05 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.10 TIME SIGNAL.

2.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.20 TIME SIGNAL.

2.25 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.30 TIME SIGNAL.

2.35 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.40 TIME SIGNAL.

2.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.50 TIME SIGNAL.

2.55 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.00 TIME SIGNAL.

3.05 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.10 TIME SIGNAL.

3.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.20 TIME SIGNAL.

3.25 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.30 TIME SIGNAL.

3.35 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.40 TIME SIGNAL.

By I. M. MacTAVISH

By Order of the Steward
A. E. ARNOLD
Secretary

By Reg. Wotton



Says "PAK LO"

S QUIZ

THE OFF-DRIVE

The first movement is a slight dipping of the left shoulder; this will allow the left foot and the line of balance, with the head leading, to come

[Taken from "Cricket — How to Play," produced for the M.C. and published by Educational Productions, Ltd.]



Says DON REVIE

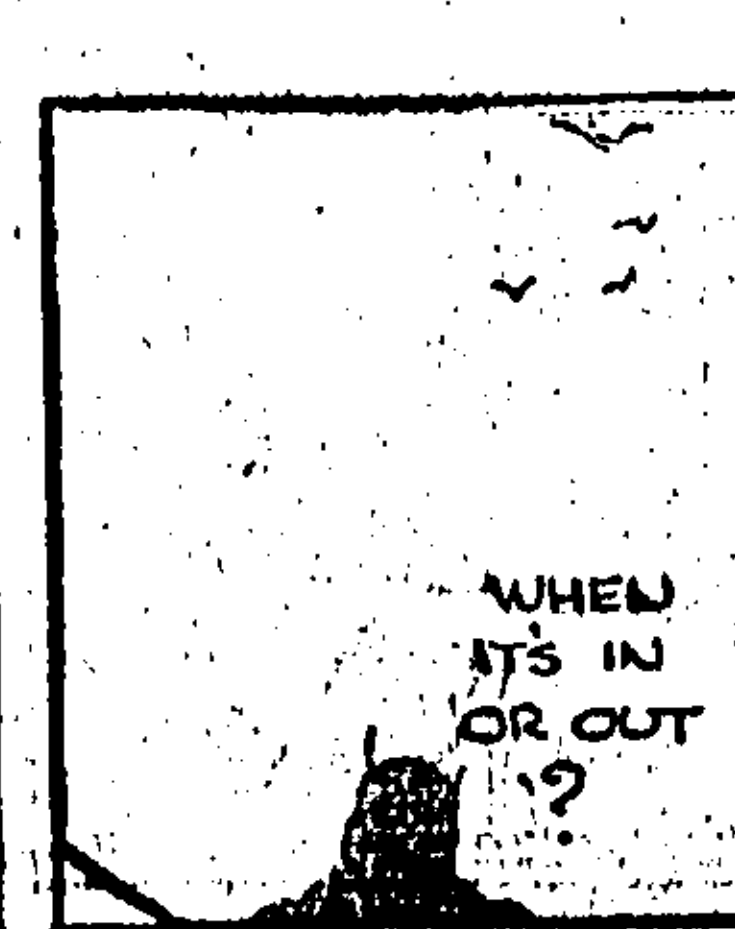
Tensing moment



The question of how to ice
it is an ever-present topic
conversation among footballers.
Stan Matthews is a great
lover in deep breath
exercises. I myself like a lot

1. Which of the following world boxing titles did Henry Armstrong hold (a) Featherweight (b) Lightweight (c) Welterweight?
2. How many countries belong to the FIFA (a) 40 (b) 60 (c) 80?
3. A cricketer takes off his cap and fields the ball with it. Is this allowed?
4. Where is the Wall Game played?
5. Fill in the missing name: Gus Lesnevich, Freddie Mills..... Archie More.
6. In which sports do the following compete (a) John Surtees (b) Alan Oliver (c) Max Falkner (d) Wrae Johnstone?
7. Which is the larger, the American or British golf ball?
8. What is the maximum length of an Association Football pitch?
9. Who won the Wimbledon Men's Singles title in 1952?
10. Which sporting captain drives himself into office?

(Answers See Page 17)



conversation among footballers Stan Matthews is a great help in doing so. Matthews exclaims: "I myself like a lot of fruit juices in my diet. But I heard a new one took root from Jackie Milburn was fads' of food. What he said was 'Well, Don.' So I said 'I never drink tea. I prefer drink nothing but warm water. I can imagine what the drinkers in this country may about that. But as far as concerned, I know that it could develop. This speed drinking warm water. I'd goodbye to the sorrow. (COPYRIGHT)

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION



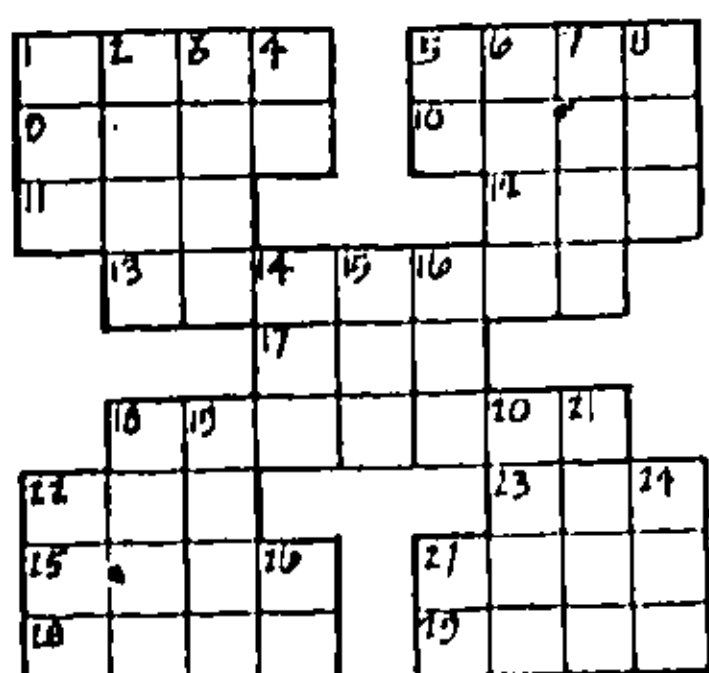
FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

The Puzzlemaster has hidden a few vehicles in his crossword this time:



ACROSS

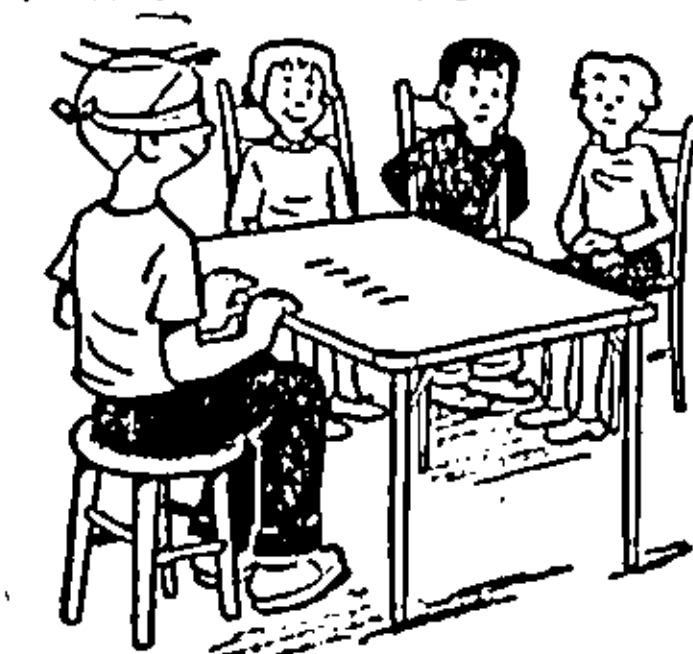
- 1 Popular vehicle
- 3 Carrying vehicle
- 9 Nested boxes
- 10 Hodgepodge
- 11 Expire
- 12 City in The Netherlands
- 13 Bridge holdings
- 17 Bustle
- 18 Makes amends
- 22 Torrid
- 23 Fish eggs
- 25 Girl's name
- 27 Merit
- 28 Peruse
- 29 Danish counties

DOWN

- 1 Assist
- 2 Distinct part
- 3 Large plant
- 4 Hawaiian bird
- 5 Company (ab.)
- 6 On the sheltered side
- 7 Discouragements
- 8 Pedal digit
- 14 Snooze
- 15 Fruit drink
- 16 Against
- 18 Was borne
- 19 Heating device
- 20 British streetcar
- 21 Kind
- 22 Pronoun
- 24 Abstract being
- 26 Paid newspaper notice
- 27 Each (ab.)

HOW AMAZE TO YOUR FRIENDS

1. PUT 5 TOOTHPICKS ON A TABLE IN A ROW.



2. SEAT A PAL AT THE TABLE FACING TOOTHPICKS AND YOUR FRIENDS... BLINDFOLD YOUR PAL AND PRETEND TO HYPNOTIZE HIM!

3. NOW SAY TO YOUR AUDIENCE THAT IF THEY WILL WHISPER A NUMBER TO YOU FROM 1 TO 5, YOUR PAL WILL CATCH THE THOUGHT AND BE ABLE TO PICK UP THE RIGHT NUMBER OF TOOTHPICKS!



HERE'S HOW: BEFORE YOU START, ARRANGE YOUR SIGNALS WITH YOUR PAL. LIKE THIS: 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

DIAMOND

The Puzzlemaster uses a diamond as a centre for his word diamond. The second word is an abbreviation for "trousers", third, "a group of Boy Scouts", fifth, "pertaining to the sun", and sixth, "through." Can you complete the diamond?

T
R
O
U
S
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R
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B
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Y
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S
C
U
T
S
S
U
N
T
H
R
O
U
G
H

SCRAMBLED VEHICLES

Rearrange the letters in each row to find the three vehicles hidden in these strange lines by the puzzlemaster.

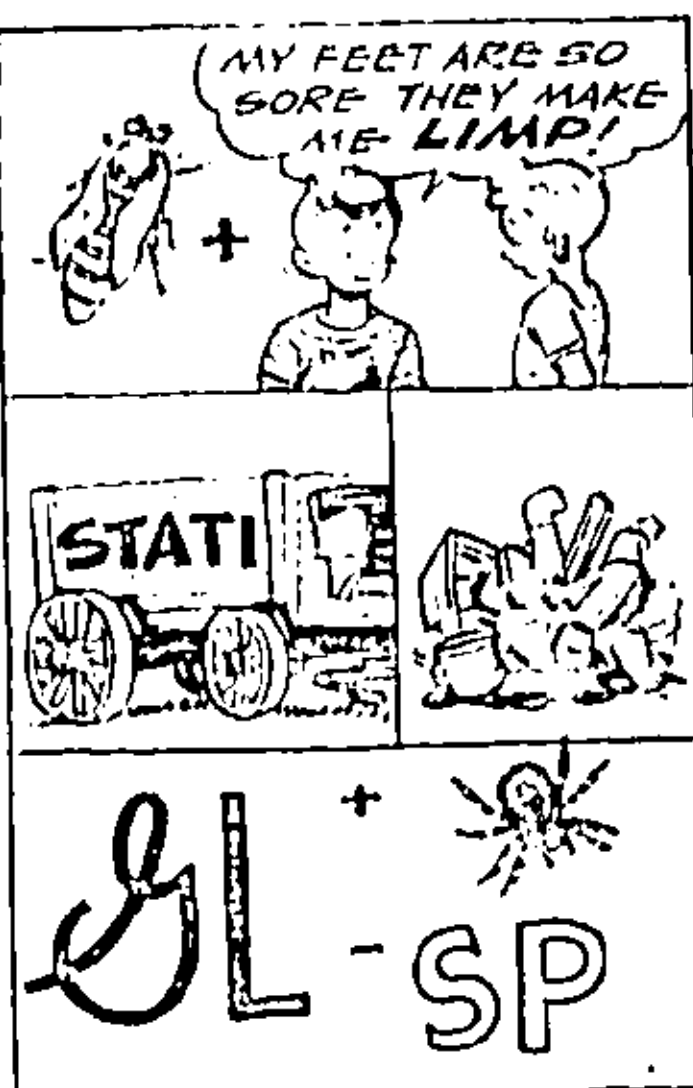
DEVELOP ICE
JAR HIS KIN
LEGAL NO

HIDDEN VEHICLES

Each of these sentences contains a vehicle for you to find: Carl and August reached the swimming hole first. Such a riot of colour. Sam, pan that gold!

CONVEYANCE REBUS

Use the words and pictures correctly and you'll have little trouble finding the four conveyances concealed in this rebus:



(Solutions on Page 20)

How Silk Hats Brought Fame To This Trapper

By RUSS WINTERBOTHAM

KIT CARSON was a great hunter and frontier scout, but his fame in these lines might never have been known had it not been for a pompous silk hat. At that time, Kit thought silk hats were the worst bits of apparel ever added to man's attire.

Kit, still under 30 years old, had been in the west 12 years when he organized "Carson's Men," a closely knit group of half a dozen trappers who worked in the mountains and plains of New Mexico and Colorado.

They trapped all kinds of game, but mainly they were interested in beaver skins, which brought the best prices and were actually used in place of money in the west in those days.

A single beaver skin was known as a "pelt," from the French Canadian word "pelle," meaning hair.

A good beaver skin could purchase goods and supplies worth from \$6 to \$8, and Kit Carson could bring in as many as 50 or 60 beaver skins in a few days. One group of 18 trappers brought in \$2,400 worth of skins in a period of six weeks.

Then one day in 1838, Kit and his men brought a big bundle of skins into the trading post at Taos, N. M. The trader shook his head and offered Kit \$1 per "pelt."

"Robber!" said Kit, with understandable anger. The trader quickly explained: "I can't pay you any more. There's no demand for beaver skins."

And the reason was the invention of the high silk hat.

Before that time men wore hats made of beaver skin. In those days and for many years



afterwards—even today—men's hats were called "beavers."

But it was found that a silk hat was prettier and much better for formal wear. So no one bought beaver skin hats, least of all paid fancy prices for them.

Kit and his men decided they couldn't risk their scalps among savage Indians trapping beavers at only \$1 per pelt. So they started off to Westport, now Kansas City, Mo., to get jobs driving wagons on the Santa Fe Trail.

But another trader, Charley Bent, later a governor of New Mexico, halted them. "There

are other things to hunt besides beaver," he said.

He pointed out that the government was setting up small forts and garrisons all along the Santa Fe Trail and there were many wagon trains on the route. Hunting for provisions took time and Kit Carson and his men could probably make a fair living shooting buffalo and antelope.



What Becomes Of Aged Birds?

WHY do we seldom see old and feeble birds? The storks have long enjoyed the reputation of caring for their aged. But actually, among adult birds the law seems to be the survival of the fittest. Here is a true incident.

A neighbour's house has a large plate-glass window, against which birds frequently fly. A male robin recently dashed into this window with a force that seemed sufficient to break every bone in its body.

In a jiffy, a kind-hearted member of the family had the bird in hand for resuscitation. Cold water was thrown on its head, a drop or two on its tongue, and even the ammonia bottle was placed at its nostrils.

After a while the robin revived, but it was so stunned that for a few days again.



It hopped about the yard in a dazed condition, taking only a short flight to low branches now and then. It preferred to remain upon the ground. So docile was the bird that when it wandered out of sight it could be called back stunned that for a few days again.

The strange part of the incident was that the other robins treated the dazed bird without mercy. They pounced upon it, knocked it over, pecked at it and all but killed it. Both male and female birds attacked it.

The evident intention of the robins of the neighbourhood was to destroy this sick bird, and cause its conduct had become abnormal.

Is this one reason why we seldom see feeble birds? And is it a reason why birds keep their descendants so true to type?

The crows are known to pursue and drive out of the field an albino. They have been known also to pounce upon a tame crow and drive him to shelter in some building.

Observe whether birds with peculiarities fight with others more often than those with the usual colours and manners. Watch, too, to see whether the other birds "gang up" on them. Also study the females' behaviour towards misfits.

TRY THESE FOR LAUGHS

Question: Why should a doctor never be sea-sick?

Answer: Because he is accustomed to see sickness.

Mary: What is the best way to keep water from coming into the house?

Ruth: Don't pay the water bill.

Bill: What does a long-necked giraffe do when he is hungry?

Ed: I don't know.

Bill: He eats.

Mother (hearing a crash in the kitchen): More dishes, Junior?

Junior: No, mother, less dishes.

ZOO'S WHO



MONEY WAS SCARCE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF NORTH DAKOTA AND THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT HAD OFFERED A THREE-CENT BOUNTY ON GOPHERS. SO IT WAS THE PRACTICE TO DROP A GOPHER-TAIL IN THE CHURCH COLLECTION PLATE INSTEAD OF CASH.

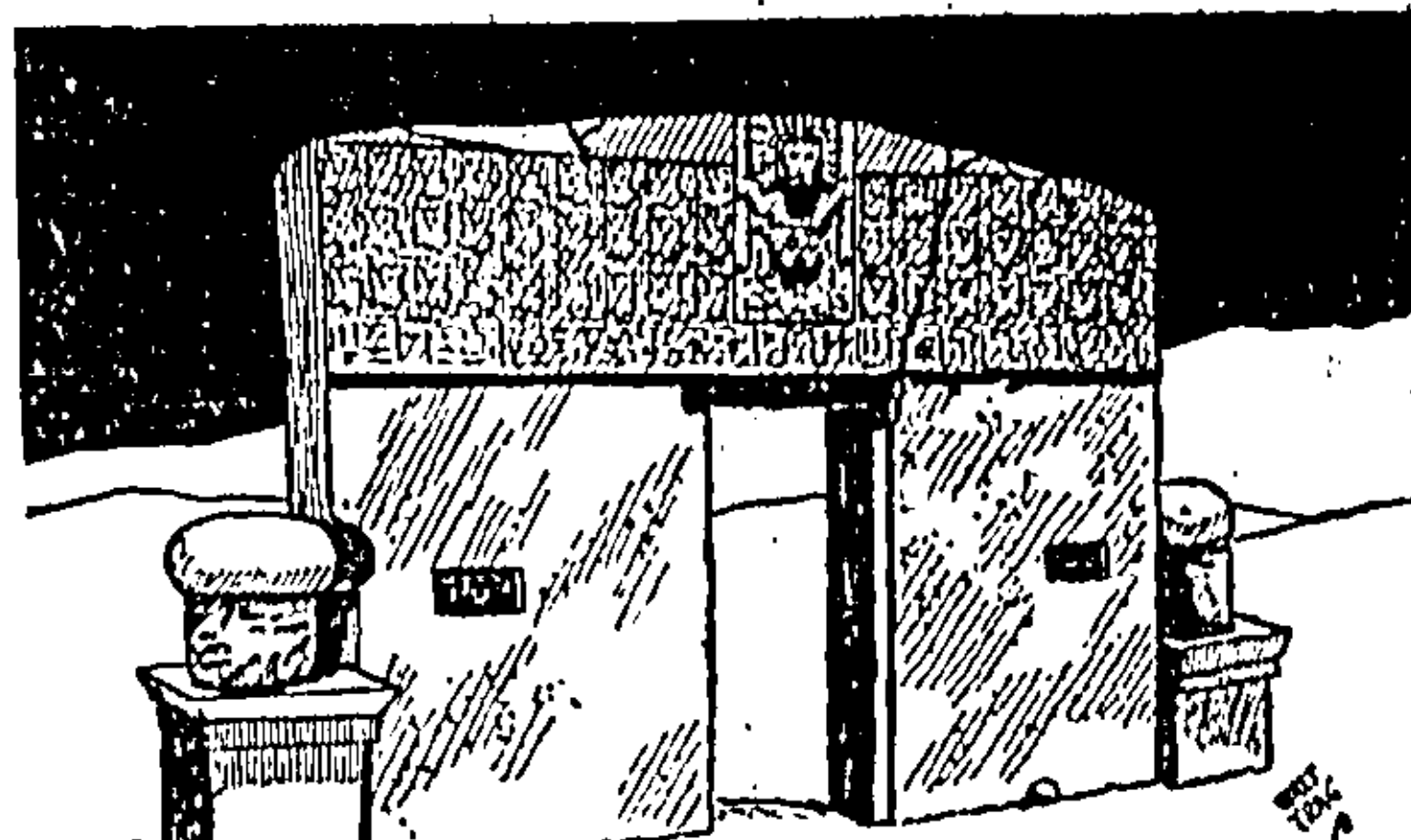
Archaeologist Unravels The Mystery Of Inca Gateway Designs

THE CLUE LIES IN THE CATERPILLAR

IT stands at Tiahuanaco near the southern end of Lake Titicaca, in the highlands of Bolivia—a gateway consisting of two uprights and a carved crosspiece weighing an estimated 12 tons.

Over this area the great Inca empire once held sway, but the door is a remnant of a civilisation long vanished when the first Inca set out on his career of conquest.

Some scientists have estimated the age of the gateway at "over 1,000 years." Other experts state that the civilisation that built it was destroyed about 4,000 years ago. We don't really know.



THE GATEWAY STANDS NEAR THE SOUTHERN END OF LAKE TITICACA IN BOLIVIA.

GATEWAY OF THE SUN

According to Spanish historians, when the Inca king conquered the people of Tiahuanaco, he asked the meaning of the designs on the door. But the meaning had long since been forgotten.

Recently Dr Leo Pucher, an Austrian-born archaeologist, has made a study of the designs and now thinks he knows what most of them mean.

The central figure is that of a ruler or god with tears

running down his face. One design appears to refer to a poisonous plant, the taru. The present-day Indians boil it and then wash it to make it safe to eat. The plant is immune to insect damage, which helps to explain why it was regarded so highly.

The greatest mystery of the gateway's designs was unravelled after the archaeologist heard an old legend about an Indian couple who were childless. They were told by their god to search for a beautiful caterpillar, which would be their child. They found it and took it home. When it grew large it began to kill humans and the god destroyed it.

Dr Pucher began, then, to search for caterpillars.

One day his cook refused to buy beans from an Indian. When the scientist examined one, he found inside a caterpillar marked with seven triangles.

He then realised that the gateway bore a similar triangle design and, upon further examination, he was able to decipher many of the designs.

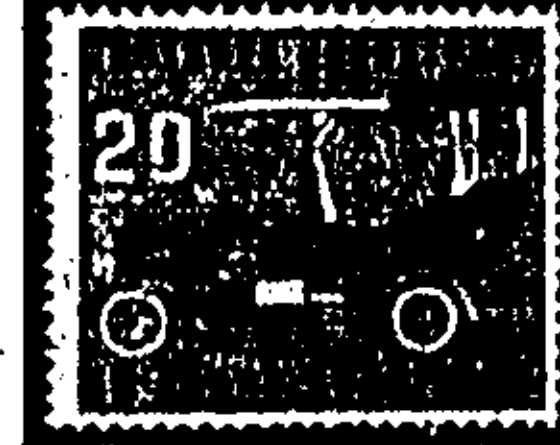
They tell of a caterpillar destroying crops. Then the caterpillar passes through the snags which transform it into a butterfly which is, in turn, eaten by a bird. Other figures on the door show a striking similarity to star formations in the Milky Way. This suggests that the unknown builders of Tiahuanaco were astronomy-conscious, even at that early time.

— R. S. Craggs

Stamp With Sentimental Theme

TIME was when the postman used to cover the longest of his rougher stretches on horseback. Then he graduated to a bone-shaker coach. And now, of course, there are motor cycles, streamlined buses, aeroplanes and helicopters to help him on his way.

Britain takes the march of postal progress calmly. No



special issues celebrate the fact that the postman's life is now a happy one.

But other nations are a little more sentimental in their philatelic thinking and here is East Germany issuing a stamp which shows one of the old bone-shaker cabs which used to speed deliveries in that part of the world.

Fifty years ago the mailbags and the passengers bumped and banged over the roads in this vehicle. The seats rose in tiers towards the back and the roof was suspended by slim poles like the entrance to a fortune teller's tent at a vicar's garden party.

Still, whatever their other faults, the Germans are genuine sentimentalists where old things are concerned—whether they be guns, cars or Rhine wines. And certainly the German stamps of today bring an ever-changing variety of themes to the world's philatelic market.

The coach stamp is perforated 14 and costs 7d. In London. Very pleasant to browse over. — J. A. A.

Punch's Favourite Toy

—It Was Too Big To Wear, So He Lived Under It—

By MAX TRELL

"YOU mustn't think," said Mr Punch, to Knarf and Hand, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, "that I was always as big as I am now. When I was a baby, I was so small that my mother used to rock me to sleep in a thimble."

Hand said: "You certainly must have been small, Mr Punch. What did you eat?"

A Drop of Orange Juice

"Well," said Mr Punch, "my mother used to give me a drop of orange juice for breakfast, a baked kernel of corn and a barley seed for dinner. And for supper, she would give me a sandwich made of two breadcrumbs and a splinter of cheese."

"That wasn't very much," said Knarf. "Weren't you always hungry?"

"Well," said Mr Punch, "if I was hungry, I could always get an in-between-snack of drops from the milk-bottle."

Knarf and Hand thought about all this for several minutes. Then Hand said: "But when did you find to play with? Weren't all your playmates much bigger than you were, Mr Punch?"

Plenty of Friends

Mr Punch shook his head. "No," he said, "I found plenty of friends my own size. For instance, there was Mike the Mosquito. He used to let me ride on his back. Then there was Sam Beetle. I lived under a rock at the bottom of the garden. He often took me home with him. But lots of times I played all by myself."

"Doing what?" asked Knarf. Mr Punch smiled to himself as he let himself remember



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